

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

Gustavus Cronson Weaver

Library of The Theological Seminary

PRINCETON • NEW JERSEY



FROM THE LIBRARY OF

ROBERT ELLIOTT SPEER



PS 3545 .E24 M5 1928

Weaver, Gustine Nancy
Courson

The minister's wife

This book is

Loosely Inscribed for
Ernest Mrs Robert E. Spear
Bp

Gustiel Courson Weaver
(Mrs Clifford Weaver)

The Mauser

The Kinney TX.

June 10, 1928



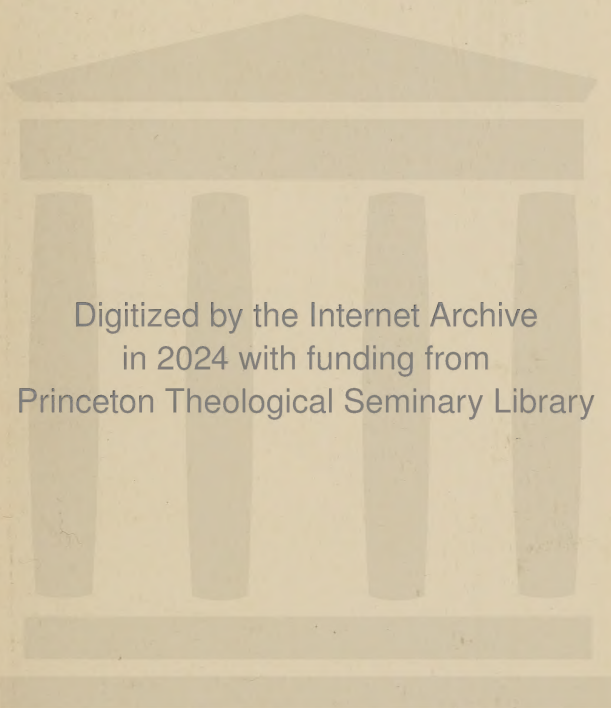
The Minister's Wife

Other Books by Mrs. Weaver:

THE HOUSE THAT A JAP BUILT (OUT OF PRINT)

HOP RUN AND SEVEN OTHER PAGEANTS

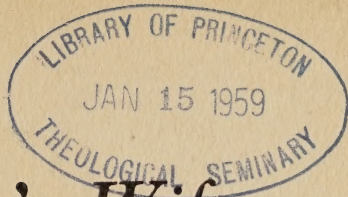
THE BOYDSTUN FAMILY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library



HARMONY



The Minister's Wife

By

GUSTINE COURSON WEAVER ✓

POWELL & WHITE
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Copyright, 1928
POWELL & WHITE
Cincinnati, Ohio

Printed in the United States of America

*This book is lovingly dedicated
to
The Council of Minister's Wives
of
The Disciples of Christ
also to
Ministers' Wives—Everywhere
by
One — of — Them*

FOREWORD

In choosing from my files and the clippings found in my "Ministers' Wives Scrap Books" the poems and other articles that should wisely go to make up this collection, I had the assistance of Mrs. L. N. D. Wells and Mrs. Graham Frank, both of Dallas, Texas.

We agreed that, if I were going to give to Ministers' Wives such a collection, it would likely prove of greatest value did it contain the history of our organized work—in Conference and Council assembled.

Hence, Mrs. Graham Frank made copies from my files of the first ten years of our history. Mrs. Frank has been a constant attendant of our sessions through the years, since she herself sat in at the original meeting at Atlanta, Georgia, in 1914.

Mrs. Wells took from my Scrap Books the data which she thought would be of value since we became an organized group, she being one of "The Signers" of our Constitution. These messages will be read with a high degree of appreciation, I feel sure, under the caption "Addenda."

Ministers' Wives everywhere owe to Frances L. White, the wife of Dr. Walter M. White of Memphis, Tennessee, a great debt of gratitude. It was she who called together the first Ministers' Wives Conference, in 1914.

In the Addenda is to be found a portrait which was taken in "Mother Ross's" room for the newspapers, at Cleveland, Ohio, when we were cele-

brating our tenth anniversary and putting into organized form our Council of Ministers' Wives. Both Mrs. Frank and Mrs. Wells urged me to use this, since it, too, is "historical," being the first President of The Conference of Ministers' Wives, 1914, and the first President of The Council of Ministers' Wives, 1924. (Though I must add that it is not at all a flattering likeness of either of us!)

I wish to thank the Christian Board of Publication for their kind consent to the use of several poems and stories herein found which have been printed by them in the Christian Evangelist, and in "Our Guest," a book which is to appear for Mother's Day 1928.

This book is not intended to be at all "an official document." I claim no such commission. It is simply and wholly a love gift from my heart to the hearts of Ministers' Wives everywhere.

The pulsing love in my own heart bears loving testimony I hope to the hearts of other Ministers' Wives.

The things I've found time and strength to write of have been the daily routine, which every Minister's Wife knows.

It is my hope that the messages herein found may be helpful to the younger Ministers' Wives who often become discouraged and that cheer thus may be carried to those whose years are ripe with happy service, as well.

I claim no classic characteristic. I've just written in the only vein I know—the human. A Minister's Wife is schooled daily in this vein of life. To me, therein lies superlative joy and gladness.

This book never could have been compiled but
for the love and assistance of

MY FRIEND LYLTINE

and her devoted friend and Sometime Minister

CLIFFORD SELDEN WEAVER

who gave to me the superlative gift of my life

MY HOUSE OF LIFE—THE MANSE

Easter, 1928

Gustine Courson Weaver

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Foreword	7
I Am the Minister's Wife.....	15
The Trail of the Manse.....	16
The Minister's Wife's Creed.....	17
"Mater Pulchra—Filia Pulchrrior".....	18
Going up to Mary's.....	30
Its for the Minister's Wife.....	32
A Minister's Wife's Motto.....	33
To A Minister's Bride.....	34
The Last Will and Testament of a Minister's Wife..	35
My Sugar Bucket	37
A Minister's Wife's Invoice.....	45
The Lady of the Loggia.....	46
Lady Make Believe.....	47

POEMS OF THE MANSE

My House of Life—The Manse.....	53
Our Garden At Easter.....	54
I Covet	55
My Southern Home.....	57
Adopteds	58
Borrowed Daughters	58
My Sister	59
Cedars	60
To Jack	61
Starry	62
Our Doctor	62
The View From Spain.....	64
In Dixie	65
My Lavender Room	65
Lavender	66
My Husband's Namesake.....	67
Hugenout Daughters	69
Estelle	72
Though Blind, I See.....	74
A Toast	79
Lad O' Mine.....	79

A GROUP OF INTIMATES

Jessie Brown Pounds.....	83
Texas	85
The Horned Frog Trail.....	86
Once Upon A Time.....	87
Texas Christian University.....	88
Hearts Poetry	89
My Garden	89
To May	89
To Our Godmother.....	90
The Alma Mater's Service Flag.....	91

CHRISTMAS POEMS AND STORIES

To A Little Child for Christmas.....	95
Three Christmas Verses.....	95
The Minister's Wife's Christmas Tree.....	96
Guess What Makes It Christmas!.....	102
I've Heard It's Christmas.....	103
Hunting Christmas	104

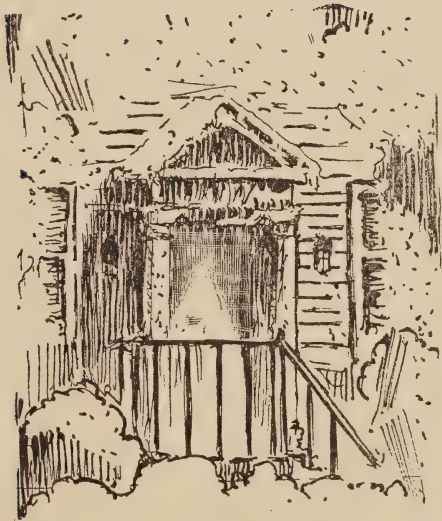
PRAYERS FOR THE MINISTER'S WIFE

The Prayer in the Morning.....	107
The Prayer at Noontide.....	108
The Evening Prayer.....	109
The Prayer for Saturday Night.....	110
Night Road Assistance.....	113

ADDENDA

Historical Sketch	123
History of the Council of Minister's Wives.....	127
Constitution	130

The Minister's Wife



I AM THE MINISTER'S WIFE



H, it needs must be that, in a strange and magic sense, whosoever comes to know me shall influenced be for weal or woe—for I am their Minister's Wife!

Whether I wish it so to be or no—I am The Custodian of My Husband's sermons, his words of cheer, of hope—his surety of faith, voiced o'er the coffins of his congregation's dead. My Husband is a Minister of God. And—I? I am His Wife! My Husband doth in *ME* rely!

I am the "Keeper-of-The-Secrets"—of the women's hearts of My Husband's congregation. I know the chaste, the wife so true, the virgin pure, the woman false, the shamed of heart! I've set a seal upon my lips with lock and key. The lock is in the strong box of my heart, to God I've loaned the key. I am as one who lives apart among my closest friends, because I-am-their-Minister's Wife.

God hath bequeathed it unto me, and others such as I—this nurturing and mothering of the faith of men. The Gospel of His Grace is spread abroad through the spoken words of Husbands-such-as-mine, from the Pulpits of The Earth. Through ages, this has been the power of God unto salvation; and now, in my generation, millions weekly look unto the Sacred Desk with a new and heart-felt relish.

Yea, the world is looking, and ever shall it look

unto this host of ready women, set apart, among the multitudes which they do serve—as God's anointed Minister's Wives. God's Churches can not be established in the earth, without a woman such as I! I am The Minister's Wife.

THE TRAIL OF THE MANSE

“Queeny,” our maid,
Each morning at eight,
Sweeps off our walk, from door step to gate.
Sweeps off the mud, the footprints, and leaves;
Again it's crushed flowers or rice that she sees.
Sweeps every morning, the walk,
If there's dust,
Little and big prints, of unjust and just!
Wobbly and straight,
The weak and the strong,
Prints of folk's feet! To Us—they belong!
Each for some cause has come to The Manse:
For weddings or death—for joy or romance.
“Himself” and I note—that our Out Trail shows,
A dent of the heel, which the hopeful knows.
There's a trip of the toe,
In that Trail at each morn,
“The Out Trail,” I mean, not “The In Trail”—
forlorn.
And, 'tho “Queeny” may sweep off
“The Trail to The Manse,”
Our Hearts bear—the—prints, “'Tis a Trail of
Romance!”

THE MINISTER'S WIFE'S CREED



BELIEVE in My Husband and his high calling apart, that he is a Baptizer of men — women — and children — who thus vow to the world that their lives shall become exemplary.

That he is a Builder of Churches, where the multitudes of the earth find and worship God.

That he is a Teacher of Men in Bible Truths which make out of these men citizens with Christ's principles written across their brows and brains.

That he is a Preacher to the masses and that these masses are the cleanest and most responsible groups in the community in this part of our Nation.

That he is a Maker of Missionaries, who heal the hurt of the entire world.

That he is also Maker of younger Ministers whose lives shall spell Eternity for the nations yet unborn, giving Life Everlasting.

That he is also Maker of College Professors—at whose feet youth shall be given truth and "The Life Abundant."

I furthermore believe and affirm that this creed contains only a small part of the important matters My Husband, and others such as mine, have to play in establishing the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

God have pity on the Ministers of God when their wives faint by the wayside.

God helping me—I do BELIEVE.

"MATER PULCHRA—FILIA PULCHRIOR"

THERE are about 219,876 Ministers' Wives of all denominations in the United States. The church members they love number 48,224,014. Last year, \$547,500,000 was given to church work by the Protestant church members. But it is of these Ministers' Wives as mothers that I would write.

In Horace we find this expression in *Carminia*, "*Mater Pulchra, filia pulchrior*," which, in English, is "A beautiful mother—a more beautiful daughter."

The odor of the house veritably clings to the garments of the children of the manse. There is a certain prestige in the minister's home.

The life of a minister's wife is a book of successful deeds. She will feature heavily in "*The Who's Who in Heaven*," for her occupation is a high calling apart.

The influence of this group of women, who exalt the virtues of peace, industry, thrift, and holy family life, is inestimable to our American Commonwealth.

The following array of facts proves, without a doubt, that such a woman is one of the most valued citizens any nation can possess.

A minister's wife's sphere calls into activity more varied talents than any other modern profession or occupation. She learns, through the im-

peratives of her life's experience, to be a woman of vision and ideals. She gets for herself a strong will. She fosters a sense of humor, rather than sink in the mire of the world's sobs and tears with which she must needs be anointed spiritually.

A logical mind, courage, tact, patience, perseverance, a sane optimism, retentive memory, fine imagination, business sagacity, knowledge of human nature, a cheeriness that is magical—all these the ordinary minister's wife cultivates, or else she fills a premature grave. Perhaps it is because "Noble souls live in a sense of the greatest compulsion." Anyway, all that is latent in the heart of a minister's wife buds and blossoms. She has to make her life "count," for it is daily a life where "routine reigns," and demands that a Queen wield her scepter.

No other woman has such a challenge, such a career. It is because of their versatility that ministers' wives are able to thus help God shape continents through their motherhood.

It is recorded that eighty-five per cent of our education comes from environment. We receive contributions to eternal life by being in spiritual associations, in hallowed places. Timothy's mother, Eunice, and grandmother, Lois, shaped the stirrings of his young soul with its passionate longings Godward.

Kate Douglas Wiggin says: "The conception of the universe which we gain in childhood is never wholly changed by later impressions." "Mothers have a great advantage over other women in living with their children and shaping their destinies."

Pericles was the son of Xantippus and Agariste, and his mother was a descendant of the nobility of Greece.

Charlemagne's father was Pepin, a renowned conqueror. His grandfather was Charles Martel who gained signal victories over the Mohammedan Saracens.

It seems that God has mightily used the group of Minister's Wives to shape the destinies of the world. One might truly pray for ministers' wives, "O God anoint the eyes of the mistress of the manse that she may behold the glory that rainbows her dwelling places."

As Margaret Fuller Ossili said, in a moment of high happiness—the shibboleth of the minister's wife might well be, "I accept—The Universe."

So common has been the belief to which expression has been given in the old jingle "Ministers' sons and Deacons' daughters, always do what they hadn't oughter" that, in recent years, careful investigation has been repeatedly made in order to get the real facts.

Results are astounding and prove that those interested are justified in registering an indignant denial of the accusation. In an article written by Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis, we find the following statements: "It is the children of the ministers more than any other class who, in England and America, have been the leaders in art, science, and literature. They are the authors, teachers, college professors, journalists and professional men of note. Nor are their names wanting among successful men in business and politics."

In an article published by the United Presbyterian, we find this statement: "The population of this country is 110,000,000. The number of preachers is less than 200,000. Of the 12,000 outstanding men, 1,000 are the sons of preachers. This means, that one out of 9,900 other professions becomes prominent. Five of our presidents were preachers' sons; one-fifth of those placed in the Hall of Fame were the sons of preachers. More than one-half of the noted men of England were preachers' sons. Babson says that forty per cent of the millionaires in the United States and Canada are the children of ministers. Bruce Barton says that all the money the Church ever gave would have been well invested had it done nothing more than to enable preachers to raise sons. He gives amazing lists of famous men born in parsonages.

Speaking of sons of preachers, Bishop Hughes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church says: "Nine of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were sons of ministers. Five Supreme Court Judges, and many Governors, in addition to a great list of lesser political officials, were products of manses. The Democratic party never elected a Presidential candidate who was not the son of a minister. Wilbur and Orville Wright, brothers, pioneers of aviation, were manse products, and the first trans-Atlantic flight was made by the son of a preacher. The inventor of the telegraph, Samuel E. B. Morse, was a pastor's son."

The Literary Digest of September 27, 1925, presents some interesting figures that put to shame that old tradition that a minister's son is more

likely to spend the latter part of his life in prison than in the pulpit or some honorable profession in life.

"In order to secure information concerning the comparative success of clergymen's sons," says the Digest, "the editors of Who's Who sent out a questionnaire to all whose names appeared in the edition of 1922-23, asking them the occupation of their fathers. On the basis of the returns received, it appears that 2,695 persons, or 11.1 per cent were the children of clergymen. In addition, a considerable number of the replies contained the terms, 'farmer and preacher,' 'teacher and preacher,' etc."

A similar study has been made relative to the latest volume of "Who's Who, by Professor Stephen S. Fisher. In his report, we find:

"At the 1870 census (the one nearest the birth of most of these notables), there were about 40,100 Protestant clergymen in America (including the part-time clergymen). This was about 0.4 per cent of all the men. Thus it follows that, in proportion to population, clergymen fathered fully twenty-eight times the average number of notables. About the year 1870 one Protestant clergyman in each fifteen had a child who later won a place in Who's Who. These contributed in proportion to their numbers about 2,400 times as many eminent persons as did unskilled laborers, thirty-five times as many as business men, and over twice as many as the average of other professional men."

Such statistics need no further comment.

Another writer has stated it thus:—In *Who's Who* in America, in a list of something around 12,000, there are 898 reported as sons of ministers.

It says: "If the proportion had been the same as for the other professions and callings, there should have been about fifty, but there were eighteen times that number."

Some of that number are David J. Brewer, Justice of the Supreme Court, Ex-Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York, once Secretary of State, Senator Dolliver, and Levi P. Morton, ex-vice President of the United States; Presidents Faunce of Brown University, James of Illinois, Wright of Clarke, Taylor of Vassar, and Harry Garfield of Williams.

Among our famous college and university professors—Lounsbury of Yale, James of Harvard, Sloane of Columbia, and W. H. Maxwell, superintendent of city schools of New York City.

Edward H. Harriman, the railroad king, was also a minister's son. Others are Bishop Potter, Henry James, Governors Bates of Massachusetts, Kellogg of Louisiana, David J. Hill of the Department of State; Richard Watson Gilder, Lyman Abbott, William Hayes Ward, men of letters.

Cecil Rhodes of South Africa, the "Empire Builder"; Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist; Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great portrait painter; Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, London; James Anthony Froude, the historian; Linnaeus, the great botanist; Jenner, who gave us vaccination against smallpox; Dr. J. M. Finney, of Johns Hopkins, the great surgeon; James Russell Lowell, author and diplomat; Coleridge, Gold-

smith, Tennyson, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Addison, were all sons of the parsonage.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet and author, was a son and grandson of ministers. Others equally noteworthy are John Hancock, first signer of the Declaration of Independence; Edward Everett, statesman and author; Jonathan Edwards, theologian; Increase Mather, college president; Cotton Mather, author and scholar; George Bancroft, statesman and historian; Henry Clay, statesman and orator; Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet and essayist. The three famous sons of the distinguished Reverend David D. Field of Stockbridge, Mass., were David Dudley Field, jurist, Stephen Field, Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Cyrus W. Field, founder of the Atlantic Cable Company.

The highest position that can be filled in the United States has been filled many terms of service by ministers' sons. James Buchanan, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, and Woodrow Wilson were all ministers' sons.

And of the twelve bishops in Sweden at the present time five are sons of the parsonage; Archbishop Nathan Soderbloom, Hjalmar Danell, U. L. Ullman, E. H. Rodhe, and Einar Building. The late Bishop Von Scheele is also included in this group.

Among the sons who themselves became distinguished as ministers: Henry Ward Beecher, Chas. H. Spurgeon, Matthew Henry, John and Charles Wesley, Bishop Lightfoot, Dean Stanley, Bishop Edward Hughes, and his brother Bishop Matthew Hughes.

John B. Gordon, soldier and statesman; Judson Harmon, former Attorney General, A. R. Spofford, librarian of the Congressional Library, Senator Beveridge, Melville E. Stone, head of the Associated Press, William S. Woods, editor of the Literary Digest; F. B. Morse, artist and inventor. These are only a few of the list of our illustrious sons of ministers. To this list might be added the hundreds less conspicuous, "who are making the history of our nation, creating its literature, educating its youth, leading in the religious, scientific, commercial, social, military, naval, productive, and artistic activities and who are in the front." All of whom are listed in *Who's Who*.

Ministers' sons in Yale University rank highest in both class rating and mental ability, as shown by recent analysis of returns from a student personnel survey of occupations of parents, conducted in the spring of 1926. Sons of ministers made the average mark of 79.6; lawyers' sons, 77.9; the combined professions of teaching and ministry, 77.8; medicine, 77.3; business, 76.1; engineering and science, 75.8; writing and artistic professions, 74.2; all others, 75.2. The mental test ratings were: Ministry, 63; writing and art, 62; law, 57; teaching, 55; combined professions, 55; medicine, 53; engineering and science, 50; all others, 51. In the number of hours devoted to study, it was found that lawyers' sons put in the longest hours, and sons of writers the shortest.—Ex.

The Popular Science Monthly made the following statement:

"The English Dictionary of National Biography

gives these figures: 'A comparison of eminent men of England' shows 1,270 to be the sons of clergymen, 510 sons of lawyers, 250 sons of doctors. There were one and a half times as many ministers' sons as of both the latter.' "

The names of some of these enumerated were Ben Johnson, William Cowper, Oliver Goldsmith, Alfred Tennyson, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Joseph Addison, James Keats, Charles Kingsley, and Matthew Arnold.

Daughters of clergymen in literature are represented by Jane Austen, the Brontë Sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell, and Lucas Malet, daughter of Charles Kingsley, and scores of others, somewhat less noted in the world of art.

No doubt, if ever a list of ministers' daughters is made in America, it will begin with Harriet Beecher Stowe and her sister Catherine, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Jeanette Gilder.

The following daughters of the Manse have been Mistresses of The White House: Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Millard Fillmore, Mrs. Franklin Pierce, Miss Rose Cleveland, Miss Mary Arthur, Mrs. Caroline Harrison, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

"There was a child went forth every day
And the first object he looked upon
That object he became
And that object became a part of him,
For a day, or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years, or stretching cycles of years.
The early lilacs became part of this child

And grass, and white and blue morning glories,
 and white and red clover.
And the song of the phoebe bird."

Adoniram Judson was born in a Manse. It might be written of thousands of these illustrious "Children of The Manse"—as some Scotch admirer of David Livingstone touchingly expressed the stirring truth—as to the wide sweep of influence of their lives.

"O! Little kenned my Mither,
 The day she cradled me,
The lands that I should wander o'er,
 The death that I should dee."

Mary Moffatt the wife of David Livingston was also a daughter of The Manse.

In a recent issue of The Monthly Tidings—some writer has rhymed anew for us an archaic truth.

"They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter,
O'er lesser powers that be,
But a mightier power and stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
And the—hand—that—rocks—the—cradle—
Is—the—hand—that—rules—the WORLD."

Ah, it would indeed be manifest that the odor of the high idealism and steadfast devotion to holy purposes, which enfolds these children from the day

of their birth in the Manse, does indeed cling to their garments through their whole subsequent life, becoming a part of their very eternity.

I have had a hope that among our own people there might be a census taken which would reveal to us the contribution that Children of The Manse have made through the over one hundred years of our particular history. I think of scores of such leaders who have been heroic leaders and passed beyond.

Dr. Graham Frank—whose wife has assisted in the compiling of this book—is at present not only one of the outstanding ministers among us—but has for several years been Secretary of The International Conventions of The Disciples of Christ. He is the son of a minister. Dr. Abram E. Cory, an outstanding man among modern religious peoples everywhere, lead our own people in The Men and Millions Movement. He too was the son of a minister. I might add not only the name of my own husband, but also the names of hundreds of other outstanding leaders of the present generation of Disciples of Christ who also had Minister's Wives for Mothers—as well as Ministers for Fathers.

Perhaps foremost among the reasons for their superlative contributions to life, is the aroma of Mother Love which envelopes them.

It would therefore seem that the dullest and most discouraged among ministers' wives should be heartened by this story. It is not so much that these illustrious men and women had Fathers who were Ministers, but the astonishing circumstance is that each had a Mother who was Mistress of a

Manse, wife of a busy minister, and a burden bearer of her community, yet, withal, she made an outstanding success as a Mother.

Are Ministers' Wives then not "most blessed among women"? It would seem that their children had heard the scriptural injunction: "My Son, hear the instructions of thy father and forsake not the law of thy mother, for they shall be as an ornament of grace unto thy head and a charm about thy neck."

GOING UP TO MARY'S

All year long
We're going up to Mary's.

The railroad guides and time cards
Litter up the tables of the Manse
Throughout the winter days.
The waterfalls and out-door camps
Beckon us, in pictured form,
With solace for our every weary while.
Balm, too, have they for tired and aching hearts.
Together do we smile
" 'Twill all be good
When we go up to Mary's."

Long hours in twinkling nights, spent
Tossing on a white bed,
Set by a row of windows,
We're nursed—one by the other
If ill, the winter weeks;
Tonic coaxingly administered,
And most acceptable—
"What joy again to climb
One month the silent and
Health-giving Rockies—
When we go up to Mary's."

A wedding fee and piece of money
Given by a grateful friend for

Service rendered in the Manse
Becomes a Garden made of coins;
Perpetually we husband it.
So that
We may go up to Mary's.

Easter now has gone
And carried away our yellow daffodils.
Our verbenas and roses grimly endure
The rays of the summer sun.
The blush on the peaches of our Alberta Tree
Whisper to us, "'tis almost time
That you go up to Mary's."

At last, the year has slowly toiled around
While we, in sweet anticipation have
Constantly been lifted heavenward—
A-going up to Mary's.

We eat our sun-ripened peaches
In the Manse.
Some time of hottest travel
Brings us to the scene we're always
Seeing in our hearts.
Set in a purple valley, all heavened
With snow-capped mountain peaks.
A woman smiling to us from her opened doorway!
'Tis only seen
A-going up to Mary's.

IFS FOR THE MINISTER'S WIFE

If I can take "Himself's" gray hat, all faded
round about,

Rip off the bands, without, within, and turn it
inside out.

If I can go to Woolworth's store, and for my ribbons
look,

Blend tints aright, make for myself a-charming—
"Meadow Brook."

If I can buy some "Packer's tar" (it costs ten cents,
you know),

Best shampoo beauty parlor has, to give my hair a
glow.

If I can make a dress and wrap, and bronze my
shoes all bright.

Cosmetics? Just a little prayer! Then—*SMILE*—
With—all—my—might!

If I can hop the telephone, door bell, and Ladies
Aider,

Wash dishes, mend the children's clothes, and cook
for a sick neighbor.

And—then—if I can calmly take, without a single
flutter—

A harangue, 'gainst the entire church—Yet—be—a
nonconductor!

If I can boost, forget myself, and be an
incandescent,

With flowers I'll fill the place I dwell—if—I am
efflorescent.

In short—If I can live and love and *serve*—
throughout my days,

I'll thank the Lord, "My lines are fallen, in such
pleasant ways."

And—if, at last, I stand with Christ, in heaven,
before The Throne,

And, if I listen quietly for a message all my own,
There'll be no old, nor sick, nor blind, no penury,
nor strife.

"You helped make Heaven," God will say, "If you
were The Minister's Wife."

A MINISTER'S WIFE'S MOTTO

One Coat-of-Arms possessed by the Huguenot family of Courson bears a satisfying motto under which I sail daily. Also hanging beside it in The Manse is one of the Huguenot family of Jean Augustine—from whom I am also descended. This banner has a motto which I wish to share with Ministers' Wives everywhere.

*"Mini hodie est cras Deo"—"Today is mine,
Tomorrow God's."*

TO A MINISTER'S BRIDE

I do not know the life that will be yours,
What varied scenes will set your heart apace,
If large or small The Manse for your abode,
If rich or poor shall be your lot or place.

Would I could lift the load that you must bear,
For I along that path also have gone,
Drinking with friends the cup of joy,
Sipping the chalice sweet with God alone.

I know a mask will grow to fit your face,
Made up of smiles—to hide your tears!
And now I pray your love will hold—
While your imperatives are met adown the years.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF A MINISTER'S WIFE

Being sound in mind and memory, I do hereby state and affirm this to be my Last Will and Testimony.

I DO BEQUEATH, as follows:

My Character—to The Ladies Aid Society.

My Talents—to My Husband's Second Wife.

My Physical Defects—To The Beauty Parlor, to be used as window decorations to scare customers into the shop.

My Smiles—to the Children who work in mills and factories and are tired and want happiness.

My Best Recipes—to the Hale and the Hearty who headaches have none. Long may they survive after set of my sun.

My Old Clothes—To The Little Theatre Company to be used as "Colonial Designs."

My Jewelry—to illumine the hidden cave in the mind of every little boy and girl who dreams far-off dreams.

My Patience—to The Next Minister's Wife who lives in this Manse.

My Telephone—to The One who has pestered me most needlessly with telephone messages—if, out of the many, that especial one be found by my executor.

My Foot Prints—to be used in making a road to

the stars for the fairies to travel down to all the children's playgrounds of the earth.

My Voice—to be used by Peter Pan when he has a cold or is faint—long may he pipe!

My Pen—To my Fairy God Mother—so that all unanswered letters written by loving mothers and fathers to their girls and boys who go away from home—may at last be happily answered.

My Good Wishes—to the Multitudes whom I've known and loved as a Minister's Wife, in My Husband's Parish—who are the very salt of the earth. These are they who have made my life Love's One Sweet Song.

Signed by me this thirteenth day of the month.

Peregrine.

MY SUGAR BUCKET

SNOW, snow, snow, how I loved to watch it zigzag down from the cold, gray sky as I stood on a carpet covered little box which my mother had made for a footstool. I could not have seen out of that twelve pane window, had it not been for that footstool; for the window sill was so high, and I was so lilliputian in those days. How far off it seems, as I sit at my desk today near Christmas again—but with no snow nor ice—for it is the Sunny South and I am a Minister's Wife. Ah! Those days when it was Christmas and it was snowing! My mother made molasses taffy for my sister and for me. Money was scarce. There were times when she could afford to put a cup of sugar in it. That was best of all. It pulled so white. The home was set on a hill and we were puritans. We were also pioneers, and we were pilgrims, too, I think.

My mother's sugar bucket! How many times did we delve into its depth and find sweetnin' for those long, bleak and cheerless years. I really can not even imagine what life would have been without that sugar bucket. It took trips to town with us in the summer's heat, if perchance it had been emptied. It rode in state with us in our best buggy, spring and autumn. And in the white winter was tucked in under the great blankets which kept my sister and my mother and me warm, as the sleigh-bells jingled and my father, mayhap, trudged along

in the snow beating his arms together with the lines thrown across his shoulder, in order not to freeze.

"Quite travelled" is my mother's sugar bucket. When it was full I used to not be able to lift it—it held so many pounds. And when my mother went away and left her sugar bucket I think of all the forlorn pieces of furniture that looked up at me—this one was most pathetic.

No one in this generation of kitchen cabinets needs a sugar bucket! Let alone one that holds 100 pounds! Nevertheless it shall never be given away to some one who wouldn't understand those precious secrets! It has come to a far different use these last few months. It stands beside my desk for a waste paper basket.

How I love old things, they seem to have a spiritual radiation from out of the everlasting.

It comes to me so strongly at times that it is really strange that anyone should require stories and the theatre, when he has life to look at, especially if one is a Minister's Wife.

Such a delicious bit of romance has been mine at least—comrading "Himself" through the years.

Visiting Old Chester, England, one sees over the lintel of an oak-panelled house built in the earliest days of Queen Anne's reign, the house motto of a devout family—whose offspring now populate many continents:

"God is mine Inheritance."

This is the motto written on the heart of every Minister's Wife.

Corot was wont to say that, in order to get the

true beauty and the soul out of a landscape, one must know just where to sit down.

Many people have laughed heartily at one time or another at some of the things I steadfastly believed in. So, not to wait, my dear reader, until I have the credence of your heart, I fortify myself by saying that the best view I have obtained of the thousands of Ministers' Wives, whom I've come to know intimately, has been in the privacy of my own room, hung with its lavender curtains as I sit by my walnut antique desk, with my mother's sugar bucket as my companion.

It is my wish to analyze some of the poignant emotions that are aroused as I contemplate the hundreds of times Burl—our negro housekeeper—has emptied my sugar bucket the last three years.

I venture, since Peter's wife—the first minister's wife on earth—walked beside her husband, down to the present day, that no other Minister's Wife knew so many other Ministers' Wives as I do!

That sounds bigoted: I hasten to confirm that statement, stating the exact condition as it is with me and my Sugar Bucket. For one year, I was Secretary of the Council of Ministers' Wives which meets annually. The next year, I was President of the same Council. (See Addenda of this volume for this data.) These two years, I was their editor in an unbroken series of Ministers' Wives articles, written weekly. The first year, I received 465 personal letters from ministers' wives. The second year, more than that number. I also presided these two years over our National Conferences—meeting personally hundreds of these

rare women, whose sole career in life is being a Minister's Wife.

Therefore, may I not, think you, claim to know intimately more ministers' wives than is given to most human beings to know? Over one thousand heart throbbing letters in two years would be enough to make one radiate when sitting beside one's sugar bucket. Am I, therefore, not justified in the heart throbs that my sugar bucket vouchsafes to me?

Dainty envelopes of pink, lavender, blue, and orchid—with fragrant contents. Less dainty envelopes with less dainty note paper—ruled and creased—with no perfume—from all over the United States, have come thus to my heart as a priceless possession.

I have been cheered, depressed, cast down, uplifted, disheartened, enlivened, dejected, exhilarated, discouraged, sportive, as, week by week, Burl carried my sugar bucket from the room.

Some timid women write of how colorless their lives are. No one dares tell the whole truth on the printed page—of the life of a Minister's Wife as it is lived year in and year out. We live, we Ministers' Wives, in such a mental state of "make believe" that, after all, it's "the high days and the golden friendships that we remember"—the rest—we have trained ourselves to forget.

I myself made a memorandum of one morning's life as I lived it, just to see. I hereto attach it, knowing full well that I am just an ordinary Minister's Wife, and that this is the list of things that the 219,876 in the United States are being called

on to meet three hundred and sixty-five days every year.

This is an honest-to-goodness, true record of one morning's life as I functioned as a Minister's Wife for about one thousand folk in my husband's parish.

Saturday, September 29—Breakfast over at seven o'clock. Phone call—a member of the official board who is wanting to get out a new directory with business men's ads to pay for it wants "Himself" to come down at once. I try to explain that it is Saturday and I would give the message later so as not to interfere with the two Sunday sermons and the Sunday school lesson for the big men's class. Phone—president of one of our women's organizations wants to know if "Himself" can not go, at once, to the hospital to see a suddenly sick patient. I try to plan for an afternoon call but it is not satisfactorily accepted. Phone—"I left my vanity at the church last Sunday night, please tell the church janitor" (Burl is the church janitor, also). Doorbell—Leader of the missionary society (we have four) came to get advice about her part on Monday's program, and thought she would rather ask her Minister's Wife than anybody. While she was here a Sunday school teacher of one of the teen-age classes came to get advice about some of her girls who did not want to be promoted. Both these ladies stayed till twelve o'clock. The workman who was painting the church steeple came to see how I liked the job, saying that I had a better view from my "gallery" than anybody else in town.

A little boy with magazines to sell—winsome, freckled, and front teeth gone. Dinner.

Sometimes I think I have all too little a program and that I must be an easy mark to fall in with everybody who needs a friend. Yet "lovin' is my holt" and it seems to be "the holt" of most of the others if I can judge by the contents of my sugar bucket.

Yes, I've turned My House of Life—The Manse—into cloisters and chapels. I've learned to look at my life in the love of God and my very heart delights in the daily routine of my career. The life of a Minister's Wife comes to be a pocket full of perpetual surprises.

One pleasureable experience follows fast upon the heels of another; and gradually the cheer of each new day becomes contagious—for a providence beyond our own devising is ever ours, whereby we are enabled to meet every emergency. Troubles anticipated usually fail to materialize, and unforeseen difficulties ever meet solution as need arises.

In trying to analyze these poignant emotions that are aroused by the presence of my sugar bucket, it seems that each minister's wife of the over 200,000 in the U. S. A. feels this sweet sense of fellowship, communion, and fraternity, which is subtle and indefinably suggestive—sort of a sanctity of love—is ours in our cult—and ours is a high order apart.

There are 48,224,014 members of our husbands' parishes. In 1926, they contributed \$547,500,000

to all purposes in the churches' holy task of making a heaven of this old earth.

Such facts bring a hushed and holy feeling to our hearts—we Ministers' Wives who, more than any other human beings, keep our husbands—those men who are acting in God's place—with their hearts set true and their eyes on the stars.

Yes—we almost catch the far-off strains of heavenly harmonies rising as if from the lips of singers who gaze in rapture on The Father's Face—ever and anon.

“Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you—that you should go and bring forth fruit.”

What an immense task He has given us—honored us with. How radiant our souls should be—even on the dullest day! Thank God for my sugar bucket and its immortal contents.

I hope what I am about to say now in conclusion regarding the superlative need of every Minister's Wife may not seem irreverent.

Celestial glory and high mountain tops in a spiritual way are splendid—but three hundred and sixty-five days of it would cloy the blood and palsy anyone's brain cells.

Perhaps John Greenleaf Whittier's poem is the best recipe for us as a daily ration:

Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

It's difficult to live the commonplace hours—when we are compelled so many of our hours to keep our heads in the clouds, as it were. Yet, that is the imperative of every Minister's Wife—to meet nobly her daily tasks and duties.

“We grasp our mountain staffs to climb
The sky enshrouded peaks sublime,
Up where the crystal torrent pours,
And then—we stop to do the chores.”

So, if I were asked for a word of plain, old-fashioned advice, as to the greatest virtue or characteristic needed by every Minister's Wife, I should unhesitatingly say—“Poise” and “Gumption.”

A MINISTER'S WIFE'S INVOICE

SHOULD a Minister's Wife "keep track" of her ups and downs, at the end of twelve months her invoice might be somewhat on this wise:

Been broke three hundred and sixty one times.

Praised folk in My Husband's Official Board three hundred and sixty five times.

Kept from lying approximately six hundred times (in the twelve months).

Missed Prayer Meeting twice in fifty-two times!

Been faulted (to my knowledge) one hundred and thirty-five times.

Been faulted ("unbeknownst")—numberless as the sands of the sea.

Faulted others—twelve times (once a month as a tonic).

Washed my own hair throughout the year.

Missed meals—twice.

Twice mistaken for a good Minister's Wife.

Provision donated for my larder—one and one half gallon jar of grapes with seeds and hulls intact—thickly molded on the top. One package over-ripe peaches. One hog liver at hog-killing time. One pound sweet fresh sausage. Leftover butter and skimmed milk from church dinners monthly.

Cash on hand, at beginning.....\$1.58

Cash on hand, ending..... .12

In addition to the above, in my "Kindly store room," the shelves are weighted down with packages sealed with sweetest love and good wishes—these will last throughout Eternity.

THE LADY OF THE LOGGIA

Each Manse has a door for its Lady,
That opens at her will,
To a Loggia full of sun and shade,
And a vista adown Life's Hill.

Carved capitals doth its roof uphold,
A shelter from the storm,
It opens to the earth and sky,
And life in varied form.

She can see the people one by one,
As up and down they go,
To her the little children shout,
And she knows each face of woe.

The birds sing as they make their nests,
Midst the roses of the bride,
And opalescent butterflies,
Amongst the pillars hide.

She looks beyond the brook that sings,
'Twixt fields of wheat and rye,
The whole world wears a gown of green,
And runs to meet the sky.

Or doth she like it best to walk,
In the noontide heat and glare,
An aroma to find in quiet nooks,
And elixir—for her care?

She knows the calm of eventide,
In her loggia with God alone,
And her eyes are soft with the afterglow,
As she watches—'til twilight is done.

She delights to lean 'gainst her parapet
Between the pillars white,
And lift her eyes to the twinkling stars,
That shine through the darkest night.

She beholds, anon—the church window,
To her a heavenly gem,
She hears the Organ's rich cadence,
As a soul's enraptured "Amen."

And her Husband puts his trust in her,
Nor ceases to find delight—
In His Lady—who—walks—in—her—loggia
Keeping—watch—both day—and—night.

LADY MAKE BELIEVE

Through her garden bloomed with posies bright
And her mansion stood in stately height
With a luminous Inner Room.

She laboured hard through every day
Saying "I'll make believe it's play,"
As she wove at a magic loom.

For shuttle she used her pulsing heart,
Thoughts, words and deeds, for woof, her art,
While her warp was made of dreams.

She made believe that cloud and star
And trees and brooks were greater far
Than silks, or gems, or wealth.

Came snows of winter, skies of gray,
Gold and silver her threads so gay
Patterned "Sweet June," her brocade.

She made believe through weariness
And monotony of kitchen stress
Celestial music came.

When little feet a patter made
She made believe 'twas "serenade"
This mystical dreamer of dreams.

On a pilgrimage to many a door
Of young and old, of rich and poor
Did she cheerfully masquerade;

Giving to each friend she met
Some cloth of gold, or a coronet,
From the fabric of her dreams;

"Ne'er puny be with little thought!
Possess such love as can not be bought!
The hard task is The Game!

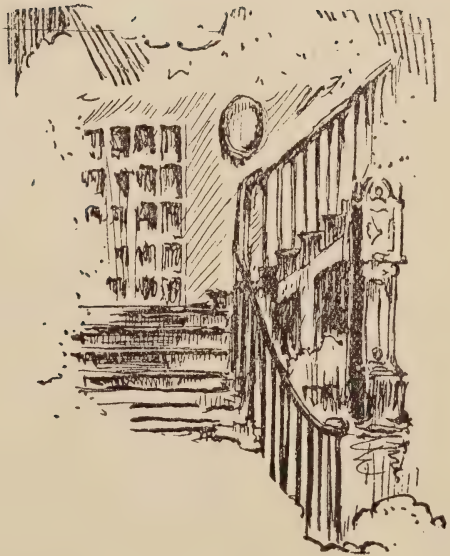
"Welcome gladly each new day!
Be square! Be fair! Keep sham at bay!"
Was her psalmody and her creed.

“In town and city, sky and earth
A San Greal gleams of greatest worth!
Tho’ others say: ‘It’s not.’ ”

Came Evensong—with its aftermath!
“Death is only a radiant path,”
Quoth Lady Make Believe.

Though her eyes were closed, a smile crept through
The children whispered, “We can do this too—
Find Heaven, by make believe.”

Poems of "The Manse"



MY HOUSE OF LIFE—THE MANSE

A manse, my husband built for me,
To give me as his bride:
With entrance from a columned porch;
Through a door with lights beside;

I found a cheery, welcoming hall,
Where shadows dance and woo;
A winding stair with newel posts,
And ceiling strong and true.

This house o' life is all my own,
With airy rooms and high:
'Tis builded on a quiet court
Where birds come calling by.

Sometimes I come upon a door
Whose hinges swing for me,
And find a new and spacious room
And heav'nly vistas see.

My manse—it is a magic house
Sometimes a garrison,
A shrine, a lodge, a nest, a home,
For lone and friendless one.

The firelight shines on mercy,
Inlaid upon my hearth;
My kettle sings the angels' song—
Good will and peace on earth.

And I just believe that Heaven
Will open to the key
That opened treasures of the manse
My husband built for me.

OUR GARDEN AT EASTER

To own a garden
By a manse
Is such a pleasant thing!
My garden, Cousin Ida gave
From bulb to seedling.

So, you'll understand it
When I say "Because our garden blooms,
My Cousin Ida's been—this way—
Hence—all these rare perfumes."

'Twas autumn time when first she came
Then very soon she sent just loads
Of seeds and shrubs and bulbs,
For our enchantment.

The old, the young,
The multitudes—our parish doth embrace—
Our lawn, they call
At Easter time
"The Resurrected Face!"

O! There's nothing
That's more precious, in all the world,
I know—, than to just walk across



DR. AND MRS. CLIFFORD SELDEN WEAVER IN THE
GARDEN OF MR. AND MRS. EDWARD S. WELCH,
SHENANDOAH ("COUSIN IDA")

The lawn, and watch one's garden grow.
A trysting place, for red birds 'tis, while
Lilacs nod their grace;
Why! She just dropped—
My cousin did, her veil of 'broidered lace.

I COVET

Together, my friend and I
Go often to Pecan Grove Cemetery.
It may be a mocking bird
Is singing its mating song
In a mammoth cedar tree;
Or, a red bird may be perched on a tombstone,
Near by, singing an aria, for us.

Perhaps though the day is gray and has no
Lilt of song, either without, or within.

Hyacinths and daffodils, roses and lilies,
Chrysanthemums and fall asters,
Holly and mistletoe, are lovingly placed
On a long mound of sod,
By the tender hands of My Friend,
As the seasons go.

Beside that long mound of sod,
Nestles a baby bump of turf.
'Tis so tiny it seems to be
Just "cuddled down."
My Friend often places a bright little flower
Over the heart of that baby bump of turf.

Betimes, when the sun has set,
I light my fire and put out my blue and white dishes
in The Manse.

The brown earthen teapot shimmers in the radiance
Of our lighted board.

Our toast has an incensed fragrance.

The wine red jelly flames joyfully

In a crystal dish like a quivering heart for this
meal of love.

The man who has looked at me kindly
Across the table for over a quarter of a century,
Unburdens his soul with rare sweet confidences
Of his day's tasks and his morrow's hopes.

Then, in the soft shadows of Our Study,
The ancestral clock ticks, and its pendulum swings,
Serenely assuring us—

“Love—is—Love—, Love—is Love.”

A Paisley shawl of an ancestress,
As soft in colors as a rare dream,
Lies across the back of the old walnut sofa.

There is a yellow dish filled
With small pebbles and water
Wherein stands blooming a cluster
Of fragrant jonquils.

The radio fills the rooms with
A voice of pulsing life.

I know that My Friend, also,
Sits quietly in her home. I know also that
She herself has touched
The key to her radio.

My Friend? Ah! She is a widow!
Yet—My Friend possesses a poignant joy
I'll never know.
Aye! Had I a baby bump of turf
Cuddled down on some hillside,
I, too, would keep a bright little flower
Forever blooming o'er its wee heart.
But I—I am childless.

MY SOUTHERN HOME

The big old Manse, in which I live,
Has airy rooms and high;
It's builded on a quiet court—
Where birds come calling by.
Its hall is broad and welcoming,
Where shadows dance and woo,
In coming down my winding stairs—today—
I—Wished—For—You!

Red roses bloom on pillars white,
Where soft the twilight falls,
Rich cadence by some negro sung,
From far off cottage walls.
My posies now their fragrance lend,
While winds come passing through,
I'm sitting on my Southern Porch—
A—Keepin' Tryst—For—YOU!

"ADOPTEDS"

As the birds fly north, they rest in my tree,
I feel in my heart they belong to me.
I'm lavish with crumbs and water clear,
And it seems like heaven when they are near.
But they always leave with a glad "Good-Bye."
Will they never come back, I wondering sigh?

And the precious ones God sent to my knee,
I came to think they belonged to me.
I lavished my love and all things dear—
Home seemed like heaven when they were near—
But they always left with a glad "Good-Bye."
Will they never come back I wondering sigh?

BORROWED DAUGHTERS

I lift a grateful heart each night
As I look toward the twinkling sky
For a Mother who gave me daughters rare
For this airy Manse and high.

She suffered all the pangs of birth,
Hers the joy of the infant's cry,
Bequeathing to me a Love-Lit Glow
And the song—my years sing by.

O! I know there is nothing sweeter
In this radiant world below

Than the laughter in a great old Manse
Where two daughters come and go.

'Tis College! Europe! Smile! And Learn!
A Treasure Trove, each girl!
So—"I thank thee, Nancy Leonard—
For Bettykins and Pearle."

MY SISTER

A tiny picture on my desk
Just scintillates with glee.
'Tis of my little playmate
Who looks straight out at me.

Again, I have her photograph,
So tender; "She's a teen";
With whitest mull and buds of rose.
Of May, she was The Queen.

And then, a-hanging on my wall,
She's looking at her child,
All robed in rarest Cloth of Gold;
As a madonna mild.

But now the portrait painter
Has given her new grace,
She's snow-white hair and yearning eyes
And courage in her face.

I think that portrait painter
A wizard—for you see

He makes her Mother, Father, Child,
To look straight down on me.

No piece of art is lovelier
In all the world, I know,
Than the etching on my Sister's face
In Life's sweet afterglow.

CEDARS

We peeped through our cottage window
Two cedars that we might see
For winter had cloaked them in ermine
One for sister, and one for me.

Though our window was etched in fern leaves
Where frost stars glistened too,
We could see from Mother's footstool
She'd cross stitched in "Roses with dew."

Summer smells of cedars and clover
With barefoot days ere long
Then the "tweet" of the new hatched plover
With the sickles shuttling song.

My heart lilts with joys that have followed
For mine's been The Cedar Trail
And I've seen through the cedar branches
Glimmering stars without fail.

Seen them in skies of the Orient
Again by the Zider Zee

A glorious glint where the heather grows
Stars for Mother, for Sister, for me.

“But now comes May with Mother’s Day
O my cedar’s a sombre sight,”
I sighed when the postman found me there
But he left me in strange delight.

“You’ve no one to call you Mother
But your love is like stars through a tree
So I’m sending this ‘Special delivery’
It’s from your Sister’s Son, J. D.”

TO JACK

One day a ship came sailing
Into my magic sea
From out of God’s Eternity,
A-sailing—straight to *me*.

Serene it rode upon the deep,
With treasures in its hold,
Its sails were made of finest silk
And its masts they were of gold.

O Precious Ship, all firm and staunch,
Sail off again at will,
With compass kept inflexible,
And riggings trimmed with skill.

To many a port, O Bonny Ship,
God chart you—o’er Life’s Sea—
But oft’ again, come sailing back,
And—a—harbor—find—in Me.

STARRY

Starry's had a birthday,
And now she's nineteen!
While she visits in The Manse
We call her "Little Queen."

Starry's Mother dresses her
To look like a flower,
So when she's here she turns our home
Into a fragrant bower!

Starry's such a charmer
That we both say just this;—
"Never any darkness—
Stars—where—Starry—is."

OUR DOCTOR

How do doctors go,
Up and down and in and out,
Without getting all worn out?

Black as jet, it was,
Through my pane.
Bed all hot
Where I was lain.

Raining hard, too,
Against the window screen,

Seemed like tears a-trickling down
Pals of my pain.

Doctor came and
Put his hand upon my head,
Great Physician, seemed to me,
Made me think of Christ in Galilee.

After while
The pains got few
Raindrops? Recollected dew
On beds of clover
Sunshine smiling, too.

Guess
I dreamed;
All the doctors in the world
(My Brother David, too)
Going up and down
And in and out
Without getting all worn out—
Like bees do a-touching gently
Heads of clover, all honey dewed
Humming psalms of
Harmony and rest and peace:
The while they fill their cases
All full of sweetness-like
God put in beds of clover
Just for bees to find
A hidden sweet in each blossom—so.

Seemed like
Here I lie—

Calm and peace, like—
The last night—
When—the—doctor's nigh,—
And you've loved and trusted him
Through the years!
The doctor has
Such courage on his face.
Holds your hand
While you die"—
Wakened up!
And—
It was I!

"Christ," I prayed
"Cram each doctor's heart
Full of sweetness
As they go up and down
And in and out,
Keep them, Lord,
Not to wear out—
Changing the jet black raindrops
On the screen
And a hot sick bed
Into beds of clover
All drenched with
Honey dew. Amen.

THE VIEW FROM SPAIN

It's such a heavenly joy that's ours
When we put off to Spain,
The land where grow bejewelled trees
As well as golden grain.

Of course, some wind and rain we face
As we meet the changing year
But our fairy bark sails on and on
With all our dreams so dear.

At times we spy eternity
On the far horizon main.
It beckons through the silvery mists;
'Tis a matchless view from Spain.

IN DIXIE

Mocker singing in the moonlight,
Mystic loveliness of night!
Peaceful stillness like to heaven,
Here I come, my vows to plight.

MY LAVENDER ROOM

MY own room in the Manse is like a bunch of lilacs.

It is dainty in orchids and lavender draperies and furnishings in which my friends delight.

Many love gifts adorn this Holy of Holies, where it sometimes seems that my antique desk is a veritable shrine.

One friend hung a Banjo Clock over my desk. I affirm that it sings a little love song like a mystical banjo is wont to do on a moonlight evening in Dixie-land. The pendulum is bright and bobs back and forth across a miniature lake of water that is

painted on the glass door of this fanciful antique clock.

Most every Minister's Wife has a private lavender room wherein she sits and prays and dreams and hopes. O, that friends in every parish would ever be hanging some little love gift therein for her heart to sing by.

'Twould bring a lovelier lilt into the sermons on Lord's Day, such an investment would.

Try putting a love gift into the Upper Room of your Manse—you reader of these lines.

LAVENDER

Come and sit beside me
Under my banjo clock
In my room of lavender—
The corn-time moon is dying
The fallen star is low
And my banjo clock is chiming in my heart.

Stand beside my window
My curtains are of lilac
In my room of lavender—
The summer moon is changing
The sleepy wind is faint
And my banjo clock is chiming in my heart.

Sit my friend, beside me;
Touch my dainty coverlet
In my room of lavender—
The corn-gold moon is waning

The star glows soft as love
And my banjo clock is chiming in my heart.

Walk, my friend, beside me
Across my pictured carpet
In my room of lavender—
The yellow moon is sinking
The love-star sings of you
And my banjo clock is chiming in my heart.

You it was who gave me
My room of lilac beauty,
This my room of lavender—
A million years of friendship,
A million years before us
With our banjo clock's sweet chiming in our
 hearts.

MY HUSBAND'S NAMESAKE—MY NEPHEW

I looked down
To catch the glory of his eyes—
Two stars he brought
Into the world with him
To float on the bosom
Of the brown pools
We called his eyes.
He looked so wee and tiny
And I felt so strong
As I looked down
To catch the glory of his eyes.

I look up
To catch the glory of his eyes.
He owns two priceless diamonds
They are set between the lids
Of what we call his eyes.
He looks so tall and strong
Among the men.
I feel so weak and weary
As I look up—now
To catch the glory of his eyes.

HUGUENOT DAUGHTERS

(*To Mrs. Alice Vanderbilt M—*)

The shining wonder in your face
Is mine, my friend—as I
Look up at your portrait from my desk.
Through gleaming years
Of sun and snow and toil
Your lineage can be traced
Back to the first white settler
Who first heard the blue birds
Note on Staten Island.
You—you are
A Daughter of the Huguenots.

The ship that plowed the dreary Atlantic
Some years before the *May Flower* sailed
Brought Maritje Van Der Vleet
And Maritje Jacobs Van Der Grift.
These two good dames, your ancestress and
mine
Came they with their God-fearing husbands.
In the wee wooden vessel with taut sails
And thus we both are
Daughters of the Huguenots.

Then—next on Staten Island
Neeltje Van Der Built
And Tryntje Courson
Were wived unto those women's sons.

There together did these four women
Spin their home grown wool
And buck their home grown
Hanks of linen hemp
In kits of liquid walnut colors,
Or was it liquid blue from petals
Of wild iris or sweet wild violet petals?
Red did they make from madre
And from the sassafras
Their tints of chrome, they made.

The radiance of the neighborliness
Of these women, as they moved
About their daily household tasks
In cabins built of logs,—
Shines in our hearts today
Adown the centuries—
We are their daughters,—
You and I.

In that crude churchhouse
Built hard by their dwellings,
Made of logs, they worshipped God.
A joyful note arose through the branches—
Of those primeval forest trees—
As these women sang together.
While their fearless husbands
Fingered flintlock and gun
And prayed.

Then most joyously did these women watch
Their children play together
On puncheon floor,

And did they weep as
Side by side they stood
By a new made grave
In that virgin turf of Staten Island.

The roof trees of their houses
Did their men folk raise together
Between them, each beloved
Neighbor, as a lift unto the other.

Centuries old, a mammoth tree
Today shelters one such mansion
Which still bears these, our family names,
Yours and mine. We are
Daughters of those Huguenots.

It was my sire whose ferry
First plied the Hudson River
With his oars,—
And with your sire—oft
Looked across to Manhattan's
Densely wooded banks
While wild fowl
Above them flew to north or south.

Then God, the Great Good Ferryman,
Towed their weary barks
Unto The Eternal Haven—
Their tired bodies lie
Neighbor still in death
In the churchyard
Where they lived and loved
As Huguenots in Staten Island.

'Tis thus small wonder
When we sit together, you and I,
Or walk—or talk together
That, at times,
We catch a heavenly whisper
Like the voice of angels, saying,
To our hearts—
In a contented tone—
“Behold adown the centuries
How our daughters, too,
Are neighbors.
Rare, rare is friendship
Such as ours.”

ESTELLE

I'm all a-flutter
Today God is penning
On my heart
A poem new.

A mother, years ago,
Was called to heaven.
She left behind
A lonely little girl.
Today that girl's a bride.
The boy, her husband,
Long since has been
A dear “Adopted of The Manse.”
And, so, my heart's a-flutter!

“I hope Estelle will like
Our rugs,” I muse,

"The goodies on the tea cart,
The winding stairs with carpets soft,
And the tick—tick—tick—
Of all our clocks"—
My heart's in such a flutter.

Maybe Estelle will note the red birds'
Cheery lilt of love,
In our garden shrubbery.
I trust Estelle will hear
The mocking bird's mounting song
As he lifts himself in glee
From the highest chimney of The Manse—
And some way make me know
It sets her heart a-flutter.

Then if she likes it
We will sit beside my basket
Filled with many colors.
Together we will braid
A rug, that shall be hers;
And, if Estelle loves brocade,
We will weave a piece
Made up of many gentle words
And thoughts and loves and dreams,
To keep our hearts
A-flutter through the years.

I know I love a poem
Best of all—
That's written thus upon
The tablets of my heart,
By God's own fingers,

While I go about my
House of Life, The Manse.
'Tis heaven to feel
My heart a-flutter so!

THOUGH BLIND, I SEE

*(For fourteen weeks I was almost blind—hence
this poem)*

The gift of blindness came to me one day,
When I was busiest in earth's strife,
"Stop! Look not: But listen," the Imperative
spoke unto my soul.
Days and nights with feverish hours stole over me
Till weeks came on apace.
Betimes a pristine beauty crept into my heart, as
alchemy.
God helped me build a new Soul Room, in which
to dwell.
I learned the attar of the roses' heart.
I knew the beauty of the red bird's art.
I heard the music of the wild March wind.
The mystery of a sweetheart's love when blind
Unfolded like a rose-red Texas day,
Light as the rustle of a bird on spray.
I knew He loved the cricket on the clod—
And so my soul, and I, kept tryst with God.

The feel of life came back,
The glow, the gloriousness of the spirit's flow.
'Tis not a moment to describe.

A sense of trust in God as ne'er before.
Who feels it can never tell of it.
The compassion in the voice of one's beloved.
The splash of tell-tale tear on cold limp hand—
'Tis so the world, anew, is good, and not a thing to
 weary of.
The joy of living yet and loving dearer things than
 life.
'Tis there one holds communion with the past and
 reads again
The pages lightly scanned, when seeing—one saw
 not,
And keeps one's tryst with God.

In counsel sweet the Lord did guide my thoughts,
And though the darkness deepened, He did with
 me abide.
Nor bitter thought those weeks of blinded days,
And darkest nights, had I.
And so I learned again my A B C's:—
Of how 'twas with Milton when God played tunes
 upon his heart strings.
Old Gallileo—blind, who, in his youth, saw
More o' heaven with his bright orbs, than all of
 those before him looked for stars,
Sat, just dreaming of his stars, by Pisa's Leaning
 Tower,
Where Milton did visit him for comfort.
And Braille, and Matheson, Prescott, and Leonard
 Euler.
Me thought as well of Helen Keller,
And the writer of eight thousand hymns sung
Round the world, our Fanny Crosby, blind.

Madame de Deffand of France was still a belle at
eighty, blind.

And Madame Recamier, when old, still charming
was she, though blind.

Of Sampson thought I, and Homer, too—all blind
were they—

Yet had no blindness in their hearts,
Though with outstretched hands, to find their way,
they groped them.

“These all have argued not
Against heaven’s hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.”

Such wealth they gave the world a keeping tryst
with God.

Who says I saw not? That one sees not, himself:
Others worked and saw, whil’st through the win-
dows of my soul

I looked upon God’s universe and lived.

Right soon the blue birds twittered their spring
arias on my fence;

Librettos written in the days gone by, upon the
tablets of my heart,

And then also through the concerts, which the
phoebes rendered

Lighting in my trees to rest their flashing wings,

Anon the grosbeaks came,

With estatic oratories, all their own.

Of Waxwing Tribes, with crests erect,

Next in migration I made citation.

Thus blind, I seeing, sat me

In the shadows of “My Southern Porch”

And wrote it so:

*I'm living in a house of Dreams
With airy rooms and high.
'Tis builded on a quiet court
Where birds come calling by.
There are ten columns tall and white
Where shadows dance and woo
I'm trysting here with God alone
A—seeing things anew.*

Such days had I with “time enough”—for God,
Who said of olden times
“There shalt thou walk thy way most safely,
Nor shalt thy foot be found to stumble.”
So did He keep His watch, the while, over my
helpless feet.
Then I did understand as ne’er before His words.
“Thy paths shalt all be—Peace.”
I had not known My God before, it seemed,
Nor how it was to trust Him,
Nor feel his loving hand to guide me in my way;
Now that I’m blind I see His shining face,
And, tranquilly, in perfect peace, I keep my tryst
with God.

Such times, I sat by my keyboard,
A searching minors to match my deepest thought
and prayer;
The while God’s finger pointing me the music,
Such harmonies I had not learned me all my seeing
years.
The footstep of my Master, at such times,
Echoed through my Soul Room, as music

Never put on page, for eyes to read.
And had there always been such lilt o' love,
In voices of my friends—thought I?
Just common human voice of one's beloved,
And of those with whom we dwell?
So, humbled and with grateful heart,
I kept my tryst with God.

Right strange it seemed, each day o' life
Ebbd swiftly to its close,
And passed away most gloriously,
And, when I laid me down at night,
And all the earth was still,
There was I thinking my deepest thoughts of God.
'Twas then I read anew God's blest promises unto
the blind.

"When thou dost lie thee down, my child,
Ne'er shalt thou be afraid—and—sweet shalt be
thy slumber."

One night, when all the earth was hushed,
A flock of wild geese passed above the Manse.
Me thought I saw them
In their wedge-shaped flight, as, softly,
Through the chartless sky they took their way.
I knew that God must gladsome be this time o' year
With all His birds a-flutter with high hopes—
And talking even, thus o' nights,
About their future plans and what there was to do,
"God of the Birds and Career of their destinies,
Had care o' me—though blind";
Came surety to my heart
Across the trackless, pathless, chartless ocean
Of the sky 'twixt South and North,

Their God did guide them, all these larger fowl,
Of duck and geese as well as tiniest kinglet,
And all the humming birds.
And so I fell asleep to sweetest dreams,
In my God's care, though blind, in darkest night.
Praying the while,
"Look, God, and see me—
How I've kept my tryst."

A TOAST

*(To my husband's mother, Martha Farr Weaver,
wife of Rev. T. F. Weaver)*

Here's to the happiest years of my life,
The years spent with the son
Of another Minister's Wife.

LAD O' MINE

How I'm missing you, today!
Thinkin' of you?
Well, I'd say!
Lookin' for you, here and there,
With that smile, for me, you wear,
But—You'll sure be comin' Home—
Matter's not, how far you roam!
And—at—the—door—
Won't it be fine?
I'll be waitin' for you—
Lad O' Mine!

A Group of Intimates



TO JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

*(Easter, 1921—The gifted Minister's Wife and
Hymn-writer, and my friend)*

God made no place for Death in His great universe.
Springtime once more is here, the time thou didst
love

To walk the carpets nature spread here for thy feet.
Again the birds are nesting.

Each blade of grass and tiny bush proclaim the
resurrection.

We walk among the flowers of which thou oft didst
sing.

These were thy constant friends.

To us, no songs are hither blown from out the
unknown realm,

As came to thee, sweet poet, mystic listener to God's
voice.

As His Harp God made thee,

Even as the winds sing soft and low through the
fragrant pines,

Even as the tide swells deep beneath the waves—

So wert thou with thy God,

'Till of thy songs, God builded a princely throne of
humble truth.

Strong wert thou in His strength and powerful to
give strength.

On festal days thy anthems filled our hearts,
'Till we were lifted to the great white throne.
When darkling clouds oft threatened to destroy our
 blest communion
Then gracious, gentle spirit, thy breath benign
 calmed wildest woe and bitterest tear.
Thou didst go about among us as a trusted sentinel
Calling through dark of night "All, All is Well."
Then, bowed in prayer, soft did we whisper, "'Tis
 voice of God."

Nor wand have we with which to measure spirits
 to thy stature grown.
What thou gavest ne'er can be destroyed.
We find thee in the organ peal and choral strain
Where'er the voice of God is heard.

But now thy voice is stilled, Sweet Voice!
Thy heart tired, tired, has ceased to beat.
Roses, roses we strew upon thy grave,
Where in quiet thou doest repose.
Farewell, Farewell! A word that makes us linger
 as 'tis said,
Thou dwellest with God in holy Heaven, as a happy
 child,
And thy voice, so liquid sweet today, fills Eden with
 its melody.

Who says thy day is o'er?
Thou hast no tomb! Thou dwellest not with yonder
 dead!
In joy and hope and cheer thou dwellest evermore.

Friends on earth who keep the homes wherein
Christ dwells,
And friends who wander o'er the earth on purpose
high,
And all who walk life's pathway, with tangled cares
o'ergrown
Breathe the breath of perfume arising from thy
planting.
Life-Love thou gavest. Ah, Sweet Singer, Thou
didst not sing in vain,
But to the world bequeathed the beauty of thy
strain.

TEXAS

Sunshine, mocker, and magnolia,
With the air as soft as down,
That's The Lone Star State of Texas,
Diadem—in—Dixie's crown.

Fields of corn all kissed by sunshine,
Cotton! Moon—a-shimmering down!
That is Texas, down in Dixie,
Bright Lone Star of Columbia's crown.

Shining lives of countless heroes,
Valiantly they laid them down,
As in The Alamo they purchased,
Priceless Star for Freedom's crown.

THE HORNED FROG TRAIL

Sally forth with me 'long The Horned Frog Trail,
Over hill and creek, over fence and rail,
With a crookedy turn, and a hoppity scurry,
The morn's at six, so you'd better hurry!

The year's in June. The green grass 's slender,
The trail's dew splashed—for this shy Salamander!
Now—the sun's climbed the steep. The Frog's in
the sand!

And you find yourself in "Enchanted Land!"

Take a jerk, then a stop—with the growing things—
Then a scutter and a skim, like a bird—on its
wings.

Through the kitchen garden (with ant, bug, and
spider),

Creep stealthily along with this crafty glider!

Turn over that stone 'neath the lavender, fragrant—
See The Baby Horned Frogs with their Mother—
splendent!

When lo! On the gallery, when the moon stalks
pale—

With the larkspur elfs,—ends—Our Horned Frog
Trail.



"ONCE UPON A TIME"

Made their eyes bug out?
Mine—too—did!
Telling them the stories
Of Arthur and of Cid.

Shade of parks in city
Heat of summer time,
Lend themselves so sweetly
To Mother Goose's rhyme.

I like to tell a story
Of Once Upon A Time
Fills the world all fragrant
With lavender and thyme.



(Memories of Summer days spent with hundreds of children in "Story Telling centers" such as Battle Creek Michigan Sanitarium, Lyndhurst-on-The-Hudson, Parks in Fort Worth, Texas, Y. W. C. A. Summer Camps, Dewey Lake Michigan, Quiver Beech, Illinois, etc., etc.)

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

There's a college crested hilltop, just beyond a city
great,

In the sunny land of Dixie—often called the "Lone
Star State."

Look you eastward, northward, southward, count-
less miles of matchless view!

While to westward and to sunset, glides the earth,
the sky to woo!

Round about in merry springtime, myriad bright-
eyed flowers bloom,

While the prairie through the summer, tingles with
a rich perfume.

There it is the wild wind rollicks, tumbling through
fair maidens' curls,

While the dashing, fearless cowboys boldly win
the hearts of girls.

Over all Old Glory flutters. Sweethearts flung it to
the sky,

While with prayers and tears and laughter, to our
boys we said "Good-bye."

Hilltop! prairie! sky! and college! flowers breezes!
love so true!

This my vow: Till death I'll cherish—our old Col-
lege, T. C. U.

HEART'S POETRY

If 'round the world a-travelling—
We see gorgeousness and pageantry,
Court Ladies, Princes decked in lace,
Pagodas, priceless tapestry.

View moat, and loch, and snowy peak,
Delve into earth's rich ancientry.
Dear Heart! Come back to Dixie Land,
If thou wouldst chant thy poetry.

MY GARDEN

Each tree in my garden,
Each flower in the sod,
Each bird in the branches,
All—all tell of God.

Come, walk in my garden,
'Twixt flowers, trees, and vines,
Be pleased with me, Lord, too,
I also—am—thine.

TO MAY

Once upon a time, they say,
You were not "The Month of May."
Indian children greeted you—
"Moon o' Green Leaves—Howd'y do!"

Moon o' Green Leaves! Don't go 'way,
Make it always Month o' May
In my life and in my heart,
Moon o' Green Leaves, ne'er depart!

TO OUR GODMOTHER

(Written for "Mother Ross" on her 70th Birthday)

Our God Mother's birthday! Well—What would
folks say,
If such a thing happened without a bouquet?
And so—you're seventy? Seventy, this spring,
Years seem in your case, not to matter a thing!

Well, here's a nosegay—nosegay, dearest—
Made from flowers of your own planting—rarest—
I've plucked them all fragrant and kissed with the
dew,
From Our Heart's Garden! They were planted—
by *YOU!*

Roses of love and forget-me-nots sweet,
With green leaves of laurel, for fame so discreet;
Entwined for "Remembrance—a bit of rosemary,"
With "Pansies—for thoughts," our Dear Septua-
genary!

Love bless thee! Joy crown thee!
God speed thy career,
Oft come back to Texas—we all love thee here!

For Armistice Day
THE ALMA MATER'S SERVICE FLAG
(*Written during "The World War"*)

Marked above our ridgepole a blazoned pennon
 stirred,
With asterisk as shibboleth, on scutcheon
 'broidered.
A family crest, a coat of arms, with sipher, symbol,
 sign,
Yon stars of blue, on field of white, a code and
 countersign.

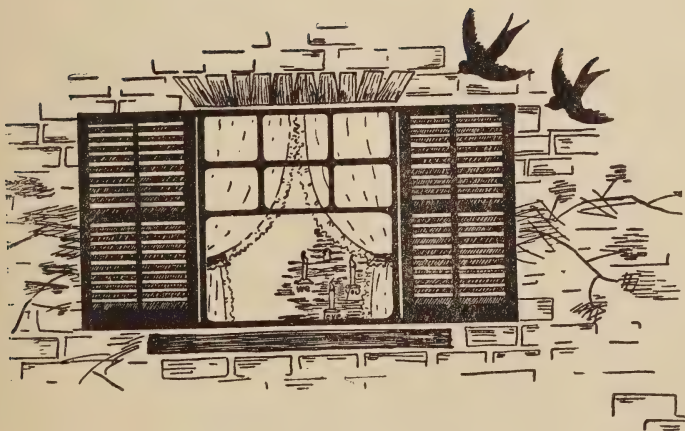
All round about this field of white is stitched a band
 of red,
For label, voucher, signal, seal, for us and our
 kindred.
You ask the key to this device? 'Tis symbolism
 true!
Each star a son, where life of white bespeaks a
 knight's virtue.

And while they serve in trench, or duns, or unwept
 give their lives,
Our challenged blood encircles them, does sisters,
 sweethearts, wives.
So, band of red, as garland gay, we've stitched in
 gala style,
All round about our stars of blue, on field of white,
 the while.

And we have yet some other sons who'll sail across
the seas
To moorland, highland, lowland, crag, knoll, cliff,
and distant leas—
But we'll keep tryst within our tower, and burn our
watch fires true,
And stitch and stitch on field of white, each son—
his star of blue.

At morn, at eve, at noonday's heat, or darkest
shades of night,
We'll pray for them "God keep our sons, with valor
brave to fight."
And if at last their heads lie bare, nor canopy, nor
dome,
They'll smile and lisp, "My scutcheon waves upon
the roof at home."

Christmas Poems and Stories



TO A LITTLE CHILD FOR CHRISTMAS

The world's like a ginger cookey,
From my window, what a view;
There's snow drifted o'er for frosting;
Christmas Cake! For me—and you!
“Christmas world! Like a ginger cookey.”
Guess what makes it good all through?
Why, for spice, I've that Christmas feeling;
And, for sweet? There's my love for you.

THREE CHRISTMAS VERSES

I'm so glad it's Christmas,
Not because of any toy,
But because the multitudes of earth
Know Christ, the Baby Boy.

The earth's bowing over a cradle,
The humblest the world ever knew,
And high and low may well beseech:
“Oh, make and keep me true!”

O Little Babe of Bethlehem,
You have changed the whole round earth,
For suffering given hope and cheer,
For death a second birth.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE'S CHRISTMAS TREE

THE green electric light wire which annually is strung over "The Minister's Wife's Christmas Tree" was before her on her desk. She was fitting sixteen adorable baby bulbs into the sockets and testing them out.

"This year shall thus twinklingly be ushered out of The Manse—another year by our Christmas tree with its adorable little lights" mused she.

"Folk of our county seat town tell us that their little children beg to be brought by our home the nine nights that our Christmas tree stands lighted in the spacious colonial hall, and, though they may have Christmas trees of their own, each in his own home, yet it gives them a peculiar glee to have the car parked by our curb—or if afoot—to hold the hand of both Father and Mother and quietly look in through the old side lights and the glass front door of The Manse at the twinkling Christmas tree."

It had come to be quite a function in their year's routine.

"It's a thrilling task, this, and brings little spurts of childishness—or more properly speaking childhood—into one's veins. It's sort of a perennial witchery—this making our Christmas tree.

"One feels no virtue at all just a soul bubbling full of noble emotions; sort of an ecstasy with attendant beatific visions—in this afflatus which

hovers over us and in which we find ourselves moving and having our being.

"And so we go our way softly, docile the while, meek, sort of submissive, gentle and trustful, with a confiding heart. Is not the allotted time—or period approaching for one to deliver to the waiting world, just beyond one's portal—a full grown Christmas tree?

"The assigned hour is striking by all the clocks of Christendom. It is the hour of the birth of the Christchild in the little town of Bethlehem so many centuries ago, when the Virgin Mary gave to the world its first Christmas gift."

So, as she fitted the baby lights into their sockets, she fell to thinking of the thousands of other Ministers' Wives, who, also, at this specific time, were testing out their Christmas tree lights, in as many manses. "They, also, are getting ready to bring forth cheer and Christmas brightness, each into the neighborhood, community, countryside, and city, wherein each husband ministers.

"I know that my heart is bearing loving testimony to all of those other hearts, for each one of this vast number is imbibing this magic elixir—vouchsafed not only to our cult—but to every living human engaged in making a Christmas tree."

II

So she fell to dreaming, about all the gifts which all Ministers' Wives were making at this specific time.

"There are 200,000 ministers in the United States. What would our country be this Christmas time if the brightness and cheer from manses should be withheld? But the women of this group are not 'the withholding kind.' Such a catastrophe could never occur."

This thought set her in a high mood, and she was filled with delight when she visioned the brilliance which 200,000 Christmas trees would assuredly bring to America.

She contemplated the possibility of all these Ministers' Wives getting together and presenting to the world all their trees in one Christmas tree!

She rubbed her eyes at such a venture even in thought; so stupendous was it. She presumed that was what Aladdin did when he saw the results of the rubbing of his magic lamp that first time!

"A magic Christmas tree! The world's Christmas tree! Why that is what the Ministers' Wives are giving to the world each year—only we never got things together before in One Christmas Tree!"

She conjectured a place big enough whereon to stand this mammoth tree. She reflected on the lighting of it. That would be about the easiest thing to do—for each Minister's Wife would dress in white and come bearing her sixteen baby-electric lights. With festive alacrity, she counted sixteen times 200,000 to be 3,200,000 electric lights. Only some would have to bring candles, those who lived far-removed from an electric light plant in country side and hamlet, which were all the softer and more beautiful indeed. There it was twinkling and sparkling, The World's Christmas Tree, with lights

of every color. Its makers already had tied all the presents made, with their own hands, on its great branches. It seemed as if the place were an enchanted island and thereon stood the Ministers' Wives' Christmas Tree.

She was reminded of the pageantry along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, when the One who brought Christmas to the world with Him used to sit on the shores. So, also, this enchanted island could be reached by a footpath it seemed. Along that footpath, a multitude which no man could number of all races and kindreds and tongues were approaching. There was in that procession the lame, the halt, and the blind, the discouraged, the lonely, the sin-cursed, the hungry, the sorrowing, the suffering, the distressed, the poor, the needy, the disappointed, and then, in a great throng—little children laughing and skipping or wheeling other sick little ones in chairs or helping others on crutches.

And as these multitudes were coming to the Ministers' Wives' Christmas Tree, the Ministers' Wives themselves stood about the loaded Tree and bade the company sit down upon the slopes of the Enchanted Island. The faces of all the Ministers' Wives were radiant—as they looked unto those who had come to them for “A Christmas Gift.”

The Minister's Wife stirred quietly in her chair—a light as from heaven seemed to flood her brain—her heart was glorified within her. She knew exactly what those gifts made by the hands of all the Ministers' Wives contained. It seemed that, as she dreamed her dream—at this time, that this

multitude of Ministers' Wives, all dressed in purest white, were taking down each her own gifts and handing them to that assembled multitude of the lame, the halt, and the blind, the orphan, the widow, the lonely of heart.

As each recipient was handed his package, he kissed the gift and pressed it to his heart. Some of them even kissed the very golden cord that bound the gift. And a paean of thanks arose to heaven from their voices saying in unison: "My Minister's Wife—my Minister's Wife."

III

The minister's wife was so deep in sweetest dreams by this time that it was easy to give harbor in her mind to a magic ship which silently was gliding into port on this Enchanted Island.

Its sails were made of satin and its masts they were of gold! This harbor was at the back of the Ministers' Wives' Christmas Tree. There were thousands aboard that magic ship. They were dressed in all kinds of clothes—indeed some were "in rags and some in tags and some were in tattered gowns." Some were smallest children and some were feeble with age but whether they had collars of rarest ermine they were all friends, it seemed, and had come on the same mission: for when the anchor was dropped they each took a place around an unbelievably huge box and carried it to the back of the Ministers' Wives Christmas Tree!

What merriment and silent gesturing then went on among them, for it was evident that they were

planning a surprise for the Ministers' Wives (who still were giving all the little children their millions of Christmas gifts from the front of the tree).

Then the ship friends gathered hold of hands and danced for joy around their big box of presents which they had brought to put onto the Christmas Tree—for—their Ministers' Wives!

The Ministers' Wives heard this merriment and looked around! They took hold of the hands of those to whom they had just given Christmas gifts—and even the crippled children threw away their crutches, and the lame leaped, and the sick sprang up—and they all circled around that magic Christmas Tree and laughed for joy—with a great and unexplainable love they had in their hearts.

There were tears of joy in everybody's eyes—so that—would you believe it—there was a double rainbow of glorious colors encircling that Ministers' Wives' Christmas Tree—it was made up of tears of joy glistening through the millions of baby electric lights—on the Tree itself!

If you will peep through the side lights of The Manse, you can see them twinkling right now, seeming to say:

“Joy to the world,
The Lord has come.”

"Guess what makes it Christmas!"

A Mother said to her children, When the embers flickered low
"You guess what makes it Xmas and I'll answer 'Yes' or 'No'"

Candles don't make it Christmas!

Hollyberry?--Nill!

Ribbons?--Not the rarest!

Icecream never will!

Santa Claus?--Alas!

Tree?--Not Yet!

Mistletoe?--Nor Greenest!

Apple?--Needn't get!

Som-e-th-ing deep within you, dear,
money cannot buy,

Priceless little bit of Love

m-a-k-e-s it X-m-a-s-! Try!

I'VE HEARD IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE

I love to think o'er all the earth
Tonight is Christmas eve—
Down farthest South and 'way up North
The day all hearts receive.

Then too, I've heard it's Christmas eve
In islands of the sea,
And mountain lands and desert wild
Wherever peoples be.

And that many of these peoples
Of every race and clan
Are thinking of the Christ Child,
Each woman, child, and man.

A peaceful happy feeling
Comes to them, one and all,
"O Christmas time is everywhere,"
It seems the angels call.

I'm glad it comes without, within,
Nor show nor gift nor tree
Whoever has the Love of Christ
May "Merry Christmas" see.

For it just comes with loving
The Little Babe Christ Child
His birthday makes it Christmas
On shore or ocean wild.

HUNTING CHRISTMAS

I went a-hunting Christmas;
So I started with the sun—
When evening dropped her twilight down,
My task was scarce begun.

First time, I saw it glisten
In the bright eyes of a Prince;
Then, in a cottage by the sea,
I saw its radiance.

A hamlet next I visited,
In a cove beneath a hill,
So many bright eyes sparkled there,
Like diamonds in a rill.

Then I peeped in through a lattice
Of an Oriental home;
They sang a song in that strange voice—
“O Christmas, thrice welcome!”

I looked again through windows bright—
Jack Frost, he peeped there, too—
I saw another joyous sight,
All Christmasy and true—

A king with diamonds in his crown,
He kneeled upon his knee,
“My glad day comes just once a year,
For Christmas I thank thee.”

Prayers for the Minister's Wife

- I. *The Minister's Wife's Prayer in the morning.*
- II. *The Minister's Wife's Prayer at Noontide.*
- III. *An Evening Prayer for the Minister's Wife.*
- IV. *The Minister's Wife's Prayer for Saturday Night.*

THE MINISTER'S WIFE'S PRAYER IN THE MORNING

O, Lord, I come to thank thee once again for burdens I must bear for Thee—in being for my own generation “A Minister’s Wife.” Help me just for today.

So—still—all, all my prayer shall be: Dear Heavenly Father,

First, I pray, may the feet of those who pass across my threshold trip more lightly down life’s rugged way, this day.

Secondly, I pray, may the eyes of those who sit beside my firelight have a softer lustre, lighted by my faith, this day.

Thirdly, I pray, may the ears of those who listen to my home talk be attuned to sweeter lilt of love, this day.

Fourthly, I pray, may the lips of those who taste the wholesome dainties of my table sense more keenly what is good and discriminate more surely between the good and the harmful, this day.

And, lastly, I pray, may I ever ponder in my heart this glowing truth: should my fidelity cease, should my faith falter, should my heart fail, and the hearts of all other Ministers’ Wives, church steeples would crumble to the earth, organs would cease to peal, and rich cathedral windows would shatter into dust—I and others such as I—are “Thy thousands of us in this generation, as The King’s

Ministers' Wives." And, I pray, may we be, the Daughters, described in Thy Holy Word—"The King's Daughter is all radiant within; her garments are wrought gold"—Amen.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE'S PRAYER AT NOONTIDE

My Dear Heavenly Father—Thou who art the Creator of The Universe and the heart of a little girl—dost still see me and watch over me—as Thou hast done all through my life 'til this hour.

Give me, I pray Thee, the calmness that comes with forgetfulness of self, in the ministry to others. Help me to retain the enthusiasm and joy of the days of young womanhood—and the belief in folk. Deliver me from cheap melancholy, and, though it be my portion to bear trouble and sorrow and disappointment, let there still dwell within my soul an unconquerable gladness. I am daily glad—O Author of the World's Joy and Bearer of the World's Pain—that I am a woman; and that, thus, I am the inheritor of "The World's Burdens." I thank Thee that I chose deliberately to become a Minister's Wife—I love it.

And, as a Minister's Wife, may I find Thee in my hardships and never become bitter. Send me forth with the gate of my heart ajar and may I "keep open house"—for Thee—in My House O' Life, The Manse. Indeed, O Father, I pray that My Life may be to others as A House of many Mansions—

so that all who come to me may feel a welcome and find rest for their souls, and a benediction for their hearts.

*AN EVENING PRAYER FOR THE MINISTER'S
WIFE*

I thank Thee, Dear Heavenly Father, that I have performed my tasks today, whether I liked them or not! Thou didst show me how to consecrate those tasks to Thee. Thou didst help me to make each moment light by Thy presence. Thou didst accept my minutes as I lived them this day. Annihilate selfhood in me. Now, I pray, let me know anew that it is not—having—but being—that brings joy and contentment. I thank Thee tonight for my friends; I could not get along without the love light in their eyes, the touch of kindliness from their hands, and the cheer of their words.

I am overwhelmed with the weight of my responsibility—but I pray Thee to help me to remember that my task is great and that devotion to a great task makes a great life. May my life be great—in Thy sight—because it is filled with small carking cares which I am hourly endeavoring to do—as a reasonable service.

I pray that I may have a pleasing personality. That I may be gifted to love—just the old-fashioned way of loving.

As I know not what any hour of any day may bring forth, I ask Thee, O Lord, to make me ready for anything.

Help me to be a friend worth having, and to be real right through.

I turn to Thee for rest. My days are full to overflowing and I would forget and become feverish could I not turn to Thee and find peace.

Deliver me from petty cares and help me to remember that a constant dwelling on trifles makes a small life: Instead, help me to have the Life Abundant—Help me to be devoted to my life's task. I am a Minister's Wife. Upon me, next to My Master, depends the faith of My Husband—Help me to send This Minister of God out from his home and fireside daily—with the odor of sacrificial living upon his garments—for the aroma of his house, more than that of any other man, clings to his garments. Amen.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE'S PRAYER FOR SATURDAY NIGHT

And now, Dear Heavenly Father, another week is ended, and I come once more to lay me down to sleep. I pray that Thou wilt equip me to live my life on the very highest level, wherever Thou, O Father, dost choose to put me, in my House O' Life, The Manse.

Perhaps though, dear Lord, of all the things I want to pray for most, the very thing I most crave is to find Thee in my every day life, so that the folk who walk with me daily will fall in love with Christ. Redeem me from self-consideration, and help me

to leave all who touch my life thinking about the things that are eternal. Sanctify the fathers and mothers of our land and of our especial parish, and may their homes be as wells of water of eternal life. May the little children in all of the homes of our land find in their parents their finest example of holy living.

And may I, Thy Minister's Wife, never cease to remember that the time to live and grow is right now. Help me, O God, to remember that no amount of money can buy success or happiness.

May I have the brightest kind of a face, the happiest kind of a heart in the secret days of my life, remembering that I am the only one who can assist My Husband, as he saves and trains souls, and preserves the institution which shall give life to countless unborn multitudes, The Church of God. And now, O God—I commit my way unto Thee, Father of Lights, and ask that Thou solemnize my thoughts as I face the realities before me. My name shall never be known afar—but next to My Master people will open their hearts to me and lean on me—because of being “A Minister's Wife,” I possess a strange and attractive power—over folk of all walks of life. Help me to keep their secrets and have tolerance.

O God, if I am to be—the power behind the pulpit, the heart of the congregation, the madonna of everybody's children, the refuge of the homeless, the comforter of the broken-hearted, the counsellor of young girls, and disappointed and heart-broken women, the Martha who entertains, the Mary in whose Home is a room for the prophets,

friendless, lonely, saint or sinful—let me show to my congregation what a Minister's Wife can be when her life is hid with God.

Keep me humbled with the realization that to few women in my generation hast Thou given larger opportunities—with a broader approach to the hearts of all classes of human beings—than Thou hast given to me as a Minister's Wife—with a spiritual message. Help me to make good use of it.

And now I commit my way unto Thee, and, as my feet shall go up steep paths, or through dark valleys—I shall gladly go if Thou dost lead me on. "Where the poor and needy of the earth are rich, In the perfect love of God"—

And—may the holiness of my life be as a benediction to those who put their trust in me—be as a sweet "Amen" of peace to my husband's congregation, to my neighbors, but best of all to Thee who dost see me and know me and who hast crowned me with this rare service for Thee.

And—may the gladness of my life be as tonic to the weary of earth and to the little children and young people who turn to me in times of need—and to My Husband who hath put his trust in me.

Bless our services tomorrow. Thou wilt be there in each holy hour, and wilt cheer and comfort each earnest worshipper.

Grant that The Minister, My Husband, may have in his heart truths and messages out of the very heart of God—that those who hear his voice may find solace, peace, and a solution for all of their perplexities. Amen.

“NIGHT ROAD ASSISTANCE”

THE Rose Windows of Notre Dame—nor indeed the elongated colorful windows of Sainte Chappelle which the French removed from Paris during the war, scarcely rank in richness of shade nor depth of tint with the west windows of the miniature country church which stands in God’s Acre where Hannah Gustine Courson, my little Grandmother, lies buried.

I am always overwhelmed with a superbly sanctified feeling whenever I am enclosed in any kind of a room that has even a small colored glass window. My first recollection of God was in June. The windows with the lace work of resplendent colored jewels stood open, just enough, so that as a child I could look out and see the blue grass gently waving over a little mound of earth which I knew was “Grandmother’s Grave.” Love, pain, and thrills of colorful beauty mingled with the melody of my Father’s and Mother’s voices as they held their hymnal and looked so solemn and sacred. They were singing “Beautiful Valley of Eden”. Thus I imbibed life’s first lesson in Spirituality.

“Beautiful Valley of Eden,
Home of the Pure and the Blest;
How often amid the wild billows;
I dream of thy rest, sweet rest.”

My little heart was hushed in rapture and there softly breathed within my little self the feeling, "I've met God. God is here."

We took our turn out on the spacious stile with the kinsfolk and neighbors, scuttling into our carriages or into the wagons with straw in the back for children, as the case might be.

But, if it was a night meeting, one always knew which of the carriages had the best housekeeper in it, for had not mother during the day polished her lantern brightly, saying the while, "When need comes, the family shall have no cause to be humiliated with the appearance of my lantern."

It was many miles through the darkness to the little homes tucked away among the trees of that community. The husbands held the lines and drove while the wives held the lantern and showed the way.

There were times when the creeks were out of their banks. At such times it was only the light from the lanterns that saved whole families from destruction. On many occasions, the thunders rolled and the winds blew and rain, hail, or sleet pounded mercilessly down upon the travelers, but the men still drove doggedly on and the women, if need be, protected the lanterns with their ample skirts or their capes, even to the point of actual physical suffering upon their parts.

Recently I came across one of those old lanterns in the attic of a log house. It touched me pathetically, and I bought it, and sent it to a friend who has an art room.

I was awed as I conjectured about the "Unnamed Gentle Woman" who belonged to "The Mystic Order of Immortals" who had carried this lantern through the snow, sleet, rain, hail, and diverse dangers, lighting the difficult world in which she lived, so conscientiously, loyally, and patiently. "What indefatigable energy these honorable early women possessed." They had virtue and grace as if it were nothing to make a fuss about. They were full of longings, courage, and a will to do their part in an unflinching manner. Fear held small place in their hearts. There hangs over these "Pioneer Lantern Holders" a glory, and imperishable honor—a spirit!

As the last message in this book for Ministers' Wives, I wish to lay a wreath of laurel about their brows—whose—portraits—we—have—none! The Pioneer Ministers' Wives! They it was who courageously rendered Night Road Assistance.

The silhouettes of their firm lineaments are indelibly portrayed on the pages of our history, illuminating these documents with a divine halo.

Were the most heroic chapter in the history of our nation truthfully written, it would be headed "The Wives of The Pioneer Ministers." It would tell how many women kept the farm, or the store, or the school going while their preacher-husbands went out into the needy fields, sometimes being gone for months, in order that they might establish the churches which have saved and trained our souls, and which are to some of us the most beautiful institutions of the world.

God's Noble Women were these Pioneer Minister's Wives. We Ministers' Wives today are their Daughters in the Gospel—what a sanctity fills our hearts as we contemplate the richness of Inheritance which thus is ours. Recently I came across this description:

At "hog-killing time," many thought of their preacher. Backbones very neatly trimmed, spare-ribs (very spare indeed), and uncleaned heads and feet, came in such abundance that the wife and mother, already weary and half-sick, was thoroughly disgusted. The itinerant preacher had no smokehouse, nor even a meat-barrel. The overplus of these bones was turned to a good account in making soap. A sister, possessed in a high degree of "the gift of tongue," visited the family frequently, and as often reported the state of things at the preacher's house to the whole neighborhood. When she learned of the soap-making out of the bones, she had two adverse criticisms to report at large. In the first place, the family had been over-supplied with food, so that it spoiled on their hands; and, in the second place the preacher, who ought to be constantly "laboring for the good of souls" or studying to prepare himself, was idling away his time over a soap-kettle. For her part, she said, she 'didn't see why some women had to be waited on so much any way.' This report had a decidedly damaging effect, as the surplus at their own homes was not so great after "hog-killing time" had passed by, so but little more was sent in for the preacher's table.

“Many a day did the wife of Benjamin Franklin apportion the scanty supply left to keep the family, during his absence, so as to make it ‘reach over,’ and divide out the little amount she dared to put on the table at one time, so that each one of the hungry children should have his proper share. Many a time, when the little ones had lost all memory of their deprivations in refreshing sleep, has that patient woman sat up and overhauled their clothing, stitching, stitching far into the night, that the little ones should have more comfort the next day—sat there alone, and in a silence unbroken save by the deep breathing of her sleeping children and her own deep sighings. Hers was a noble nature. Many a woman, under such an experience, has either sickened and died prematurely, or living, become pettish and melancholy, so that neither she nor her children, nor husband could ever be happy. But Mrs. Mary Franklin, left alone more than half the time for many years, living often in some out-of-the-way place for economy’s sake, destitute of luxuries, and often but poorly supplied with the necessities of life, cut off almost entirely from society, continued patiently enduring all for her husband and children’s sake, for Jesus’ sake, keeping up her spirits and living in hope, until, in God’s good providence, a better day should come. Tears she shed—many bitter tears of sorrow and deprivation at her forlorn and almost widowed condition. But they were wiped away in time to dress, wash, and feed the little ones who prattled around her, and no doubt often comforted her by their artless prattlings. Many a time has her eldest boy stopped

in his childish pursuits and gazed upon her countenance as she sat looking afar off through the window, yet evidently seeing nothing with the natural eye, and wondered what she could be thinking of—was she sad? The quick maternal feeling would catch the gaze, and, after engaging her son in a few words of conversation suited to his childhood, would bid him go and play again; then, turning her head away, would wipe the unbidden tears from her eyes. The son would sometimes see that, too, and go away more bewildered than ever.”

Yes—it was The Career of these Pioneer Ministers' Wives to be “The Lantern Holders” of those perilous dark times and to lend “Night Road Assistance”—in the bypaths of an almost impenetrable forest—where log churches were built near by every group of log dwellings.

Their grass-grown graves, many of them unmarked, are God's mile posts, which pointed the way to Heaven to their bewildered and pioneer world.

A fitting epitaph might be chiseled in flawless marble for the headstone of each of this great host of women: “Here lies an Unnamed Gentlewoman. She belonged to the Mystic Order of Lantern Bearers who gave bravely and unflinchingly Night Road Assistance. She was a Pioneer Minister's Wife.”

Through the stained glass glory of our present day life as Ministers' Wives, we now and then come in sight of an aurora, when we pause to contemplate these spiritual ancestresses of ours.

A mingled feeling of love, and pain, and colorful beauty is mine as I pen these last lines. It is ming-

led with a melody of the hymns these Pioneer Ministers' Wives used to sing.

It is as if some gentle hand had touched a string on the harp of life—and we were catching a song that will sing through all the centuries and throughout eternity. One's soul gives testimony in such a moment:

“This is God—this is mine Inheritance.”

It is ours to journey on—keeping step with God—meeting the demands of our times and fulfilling in a worthy measure the purpose for which we have been brought into being in this our glorious generation:—

“Toiling up new Calvaries ever,
With the Cross that turns not back.”

ADDENDA

HISTORICAL SKETCH

THE women of the churches known as the Disciples of Christ, celebrated their Golden Jubilee Anniversary in Convention assembled at Cleveland, Ohio, October, 1924. The Ministers' Wives of this great religious body at this same Convention held their tenth annual conference, at which time a Constitution was adopted setting forth the aims and ideals of what was then called The Council of Ministers' Wives of the Disciples of Christ.

The first of these Ministers' Wives Conferences was held in Atlanta, Georgia, October 14, 1914. It was called into being by Frances L. White, wife of Dr. Walter M. White, of Memphis, Tenn.

Thousands of Ministers' Wives have through the years that have followed been uplifted spiritually because of the initial leadership of this far-sighted woman.

About twenty ministers' wives attended the first meeting. I was myself present at this Convention. Mrs. White afterwards wrote of this conference:

"Unfamiliar with the purpose of the meeting, the Ministers' Wives 'took hold' cautiously. Some were afraid it might not meet with the approval of the brethren but coming into a better understanding of the possibilities for good coming out of conference for better acquaintanceship and mutual helpfulness, they soon became enthusiastic and many expressed their gratitude that concurrently with our

National Convention there would be held a Conference for Ministers' Wives."

Following is a list of the Presidents of these Conferences of Ministers' Wives, with a list also of those who presided in the absence of the duly elected Presidents:

Mrs. Walter M. White, Atlanta, Georgia....1914

Mrs. I. J. Spencer (absent) Los Angeles, California

Mrs. G. L. Conley presided.....1915

Mrs. W. A. Shullenberger, Des Moines, Iowa.1916

Mrs. T. W. Grafton (absent) Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Walter M. White presided.....1917

Mrs. Graham Frank elected President,

No Convention was held.....1918

Mrs. E. P. Wise, Cincinnati, Ohio.....1919

Mrs. Bartlett, St. Louis, Mo.....1920

Mrs. Wm. Rothenberger, President, (absent) Winona Lake, Ind.

Mrs. Clifford Weaver presided.....1921

Mrs. A. M. Haggard, Winona Lake, Ind.....1922

Mrs. Earl Wilfrey, Colorado Springs.....1923

Mrs. T. W. Grafton, President, (absent) Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Clifford Weaver, Secretary, presided.1924

The Conference assembled at Colorado Springs, 1923, voted that the President and Secretary be constituted a committee to bring to the Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, for 1924, a constitution and by-laws, and that the Conferences be permanently organized under such a constitution, with a name that would, through the coming years, give them dignified recognition among our church assemblies.

At the Conference in Colorado Springs it was also voted that a page be asked for in one of our religious weekly papers whereon our interests could be set forth. This space was generously accorded by the Christian Evangelist. The Secretary was asked to edit this page for the spiritual uplift and mutual edification of all our Ministers' Wives. It was voted also to hold daily Conferences at the time of the National Convention instead of only one Conference.

The plan of encouraging Ministers' Wives who were in attendance at State Conventions to organize and have their programs annually, with a constitution, was discussed at length and adopted as one of the aims, as well.

Mrs. T. W. Grafton, the newly elected President, became ill soon after this Convention, however, at Colorado Springs, and the carrying out of this entire program fell upon Mrs. Clifford Weaver, the Secretary, to whom Mrs. Grafton entrusted the responsibility in full. Mrs. Weaver edited the weekly page in the Christian Evangelist for Ministers' Wives and planned for the four daily Conferences for the Cleveland Convention.

These meetings were outstanding in attendance and usefulness.

So in October, 1924, this being the tenth anniversary of the birth of the organization, a Constitution was adopted in which our aims were outlined.

Mrs. Clifford Weaver was made the first President of this Council of Ministers' Wives. She was asked also to continue her editorship of the Weekly

Page in the Christian Evangelist for Ministers' Wives, which she did throughout the year.

Since our organization with its now well-seasoned history seems so unusual to us, it is our hope that the success we have thus attained in Conference and Council assembled and in religious journalism as well, when learned of by ministers' wives among other religious bodies, may prove of great value also to them.

Emma Lucas Frank
(*Mrs. Graham Frank*)

Dallas, Texas

HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS' WIVES

AT the Convention of The Disciples of Christ held at Oklahoma City, October, 1925, four daily Conferences were held, presided over by Mrs. Clifford Weaver, the President.

At this time she had completed two unbroken years of loving service as editor of our weekly page for The Council of Ministers' Wives, in The Christian Evangelist and as the leader of our organization.

She also presided over a Breakfast for about two hundred Ministers' Wives and their husbands, thus inaugurating a new feature which has proved of wonderful help and uplift to us.

The matter of holding daily sessions at our National Conventions was presented by Mrs. Weaver. It was her belief, after the experience of two years, that the planning of these four Conferences and putting them successfully into execution, as had been done, was entirely too heavy a burden for the President—who also would naturally be Editor of the weekly page for the Council. Hence, the motion prevailed that only one Conference should be held annually, as had been originally done.

Mrs. William F. Rothenburger of Springfield, Illinois, was elected President. She assumed all the duties of the office at once with a high degree of efficiency, presiding over a large session of the

Council at the next Convention which was held in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1925.

At this time the Ministers' Wives and their husbands had dinner together. Increasingly has interest been created thus until the whole membership of The Disciples of Christ feels the power of this spiritual fellowship. Over five thousand women (The Wives of all our Ministers) are, without monetary assessments, members of our organization. And these women look forward annually to the rare fellowship that thus is ours.

We now have State organizations in over twenty states which have adopted constitutions similar to our National Constitution. These Councils hold meetings and dinings similar to those held at our National gatherings. Thus the strong ties of mutual understanding and sympathetic love that naturally are the heritage of Ministers' Wives everywhere are conserved and consecrated for a deeper service, in State as well as National Councils.

Mrs. George A. Miller, the wife of Dr. Miller of Omaha, Nebraska, is the President and Editor of our weekly page as this book is going to press. She has given us splendid leadership.

Because of a continued appeal to Mrs. Weaver for her poems and stories, also for copies of the Constitution, since our work has become more and more popular, she was persuaded that putting into permanent form in a book especially for "Our Cult" would be rendering this group of women, whom she naturally loves with an unusual zeal, perpetual service—long after she had ceased to



THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE
OF MINISTERS' WIVES

MRS. WALTER M. WHITE—(*standing*)

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF
MINISTERS' WIVES—MRS. C. S. WEAVER

pen messages for them and to sit with them in Council assembled.

Many of these articles have appeared in our religious magazines from time to time. In going over each page of this, her manuscript, with Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Frank and I agreed with her that, also from the pages of her voluminous Scrap Book of Ministers' Wives clippings, should logically go a brief history of our organization, with a copy of our Constitution.

Not only to serve our own brotherhood did we deem this wise but with the hope that other religious bodies might catch the joy that thus has been ours, through a long period of years, and take up each for its own use such an organization—for Ministers' Wives.

I copy from Mrs. Weaver's Scrap Book a draft of our Constitution to which I had the happy privilege of signing my name in 1924.

My fervent prayer is that it may prove of great use among thousands of other Ministers' Wives throughout our land.

East Dallas, Texas

Lida Carr Wells
(*Mrs. L. N. D. Wells*)

CONSTITUTION OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTER'S WIVES

The Disciples of Christ

Whereas: The Ministers' Wives Conference inaugurated at the International Convention of Disciples of Christ held at Atlanta, Georgia, October 13, 1914, has met with such a hearty response, during the ten years of its existence, in interest and numbers, be it resolved:

That on this October 16, 1924, on the tenth anniversary of its existence,

The Ministers' Wives Conference be continued as the Council of Ministers' Wives of the Disciples of Christ, governed by the following rules:

Article I

This organization shall be called the Council of Ministers' Wives of the Disciples of Christ.

Article II

The object of the council shall be to promote wider and closer acquaintanceship, mutual helpfulness and spiritual uplift among the ministers' wives of the Disciples of Christ.

Article III

The officers of this organization shall be a president, vice-president and secretary.

BY-LAWS OF THE COUNCIL

The president shall prepare the programs for the council meetings and preside over the meetings.

The vice-president shall assume the duties of the president in her absence or in her inability to perform them.

It shall be the duty of the secretary to record the minutes of the meetings and give publicity to the meetings.

Signed,

Cora C. Stauffer (Mrs. C. R. Stauffer), Washington, D. C.

Lida Carr Wells (Mrs. L. N. D. Wells), Dallas, Texas.

Myrtle Fisher Newton (Mrs. Robert H. Newton), Minneapolis.

May Johnson Idleman (Mrs. Finis Idleman), New York City.

Gustine Courson Weaver (Mrs. Clifford Weaver), McKinney, Texas.

Mary Hughes Sansbury (Mrs. Marvin Sansbury), New Orleans.

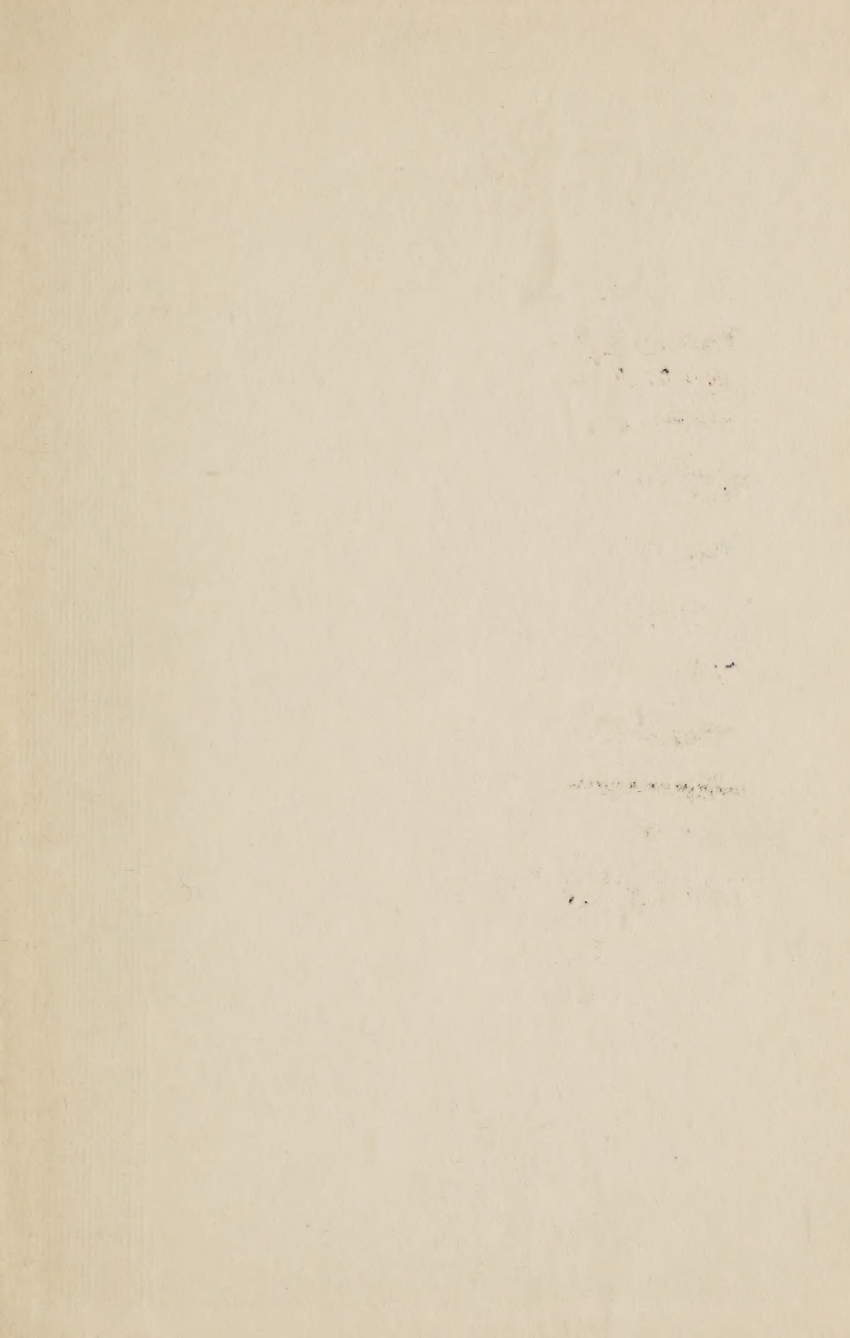
Frances L. White (Mrs. Walter White), Memphis, Tenn.

Committee on Constitution.

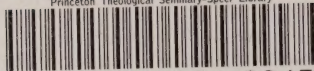
[illegible]

DEC 31 '86

PRINTED IN U. S. A.



Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 01024 9045